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BETTER THAN THEM ALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

A moderate share of wealth is good
To cheer as on our way,
For it has oftentimes the power
To make December, May;
And so is beauty, so is health,
Or genius at our call;
But a happy, careless, loving heart,
Is better than them all.

A heart that gathers hope and faith
From every springing flower,
That smiles alike at winter storm
And gentle summer shower;
That blesses God for every good,
Or whether great or small;
Oh! a happy, hopeful, loving heart,
Is better than them all.

'Tis well to hold the wand of power,
Or wear an honored name,
And blush to hear the mighty world
Re-echo with our fame;
'Tis well if on our path the smiles
Of Kings and Nobles fall;
But to have a happy, trusting heart,
Is better than them all.

A heart that with the magic notes
Of music is beguiled;
A heart that loves the pleasant face
Of every little child;
That aches with pity in distress,
And heareth duty's call;
Oh! such a loving, human heart,
Is better than them all.

Glen-Elton, May 3rd, 1858.

Original Novelet.

FOUR IN HAND;

OR,

THE BEQUEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE CHOICE.

Philip Coniston had "finished his course" at Oxford with credit, if not with the highest honors, and was again at Wytham Court, with his uncle and his mother.

During his last term, the young Oxonian had been obliged to tax his powers to the utmost to bring himself up in branches in which he had fallen behind, in pursuit of his darling art-studies;—and thus duller men gained the prizes, and won the distinction which fond friends had believed within his grasp. He really cared little for the result—for his own sake, nothing, but by the ignorant wish he was accounted indolent, as well as indifferent. It was said that had he been Thompson in the peach orchard, he would not only not have taken his hands from his pockets to pluck the fruit, but not even opened his mouth to catch it, when with complaisant ripeness it tumbled from the tree.

But the time had now come when he must avow his secret passion for art, and his choice of it as a profession for which, and by which, he was to live. His uncle Hugh was aware that he was a painter of occasional landscapes,—he had done several sketches of lake-scenery for the gallery of Wytham Court, and they had been graciously accepted and extravagantly praised as the work of a clever amateur, by the generous nabob, who never suspected Philip of serious designs upon art. It was not the profession he would have chosen for the son of his gallant nephew, though indeed he knew little of painting as a calling, and would certainly have felt bewildered and honored true artists anywhere.

At length the question of what he was to do next was plainly and seriously put to Philip, in the course of a quiet, after-dinner talk, when there were no visitors and Mrs. Coniston had left the table.

"Your father's profession is of course open to you, and with the influence which I think I could command, a good commission may be procured for you. What say you to it?" said the nabob, his keen, kindly eyes fixed upon Philip.

"I thank you, dear uncle, for your kind offer, but I pray your pardon—I have no taste for the calling. It seems to me that the army has in a great measure lost its old, honorable, chivalric character, and is fast becoming the last resort of imbecility and profligacy—the profession of ennobled, more than of gentlemen. The inventions of modern warfare—the monstrous engines of destruction with which men now contend like a race of Titans, lessen fearfully the chances for heroic deeds and knightly distinction. The time is doubtless coming when war will be merely a mechanic art, and the soldier a mere engineer. And then, to confess the truth, I doubt I am incapacitated for the profession, by a peculiar physical weakness, which need not distress my brave father, and which I have vainly striven to overcome. I have a deadly horror of blood—not alone of shedding it, but of the sight of it. I cannot see the

slow drops ooze from the breast of a pheasant, without sickness,—and only last fall, when I was persuaded to join a hunt in Scotland, I actually, and to my eternal discredit, fainted at seeing the red swath, and bearing the sudden gurgle from the throat of a noble stag—though the beautiful hand of a beautiful woman held the knife."

"Because, rather than in spite of that fact, I should say. Ugh, the thought of it gives me a turn!"

"Perhaps so—but there was no question about the swoon—and after such an experience, I am sure you will admit that to conceal my—what shall I call it?—cowardice of the nerves, were a weakness yet more contemptible."

"Certainly, for that were moral cowardice, without a doubt. There is a wide difference between a physical antipathy of this kind and poltroonery. But I must say, my boy," added the merchant, with a sly smile, "that if this horror of blood really troubles you, I would advise you, by all means, to join our army—the Guards, for instance. You could no where be more safe from the sight of it. But let this pass. To speak truth, I have little desire to see you a 'soger,' that creature of the state, that galley-slave of Glory, liable at any time to be banished to the jungles of India, or like your poor father, to the savage wilds of America—or sent campaigning among the pestilences and barbarisms of the South Sea, or thrust away into some lonely African station—an exile like being swung over the edge of the planet, or plunged into chaos. Beside, our army is large enough—our scarlet coatsadden the world like a perpetual sunset. What say you to the Law?"

"Why, that," said Philip, "to use a like poetical comparison, blackens the world like a perpetual thunder-cloud—the exhalations of human crime and wrong. It is, of all professions, the one most distasteful, most detestable to me. To be an advocate, is to hold one's self in readiness to pervert, to plot, and to lie—to gild falsehood and to blacken truth—to plead against innocence, as well as to lay cunning snares for guilt—to palliate vice, defend crime, and establish injustice. In donning the judicial robes one must prepare to lay aside the most generous sympathies of humanity,—for the judicial wig and black cap, to lay down the crowning virtues of the Christian—mercy and charity."

Is it not so? Is not our cumbersome and complicated legal system the most monstrous result and penalty of our civilization? Are not our Courts of Chancery worse than the Inquisitions of Spain and the Councils of Venice?—prolonging, as they do, indefinitely, the agonies of their victims—mocking with vain hopes, and maddening with delays?"

"Well, you put it rather strong—you make out law to be, instead of a broad-winged Protection, brooding over society, a very ugly sort of vampire, fattening on its blood."

"Precisely." "Spoken like a poet, in the down of youth and the bonds of Shelley. Well, what next? you have rejected the basket of gold, and the basket of silver,—but the one of lead remains. I perceive by the high moral sentiments and conscientious scruples you express, that you are inclined to the clerical profession. I did not expect it, I must confess, but I am willing to give you a lift into a living, if it be in my power."

Philip blushed, and hastened to reply. "You mistake, sir—I have no inclination toward the church. I am not fitted for the 'high profession spiritual.'"

"ounds, young man!" exclaimed Mr. Coniston, losing his temper at last. "You carry matters with a high hand. Better men than you have belonged to the clergy, I can tell you, sir!"

"Granted, my dear uncle, over and over again," replied Philip, laughing. "It is my honest reverence for the profession which is most in the way of my adopting it. I think that only great goodness and purity of heart, great strength and elevation of character, an abundant measure of hope, courage, and divine, self-sacrificing charity fit one for that mission of love and good works in which Christ and the Apostles led the way."

"Ah, I see you are thinking of primitive Christianity, of the ideal priesthood, not of our church and its—its—beneficiaries. 'Nunc accens changit tota celsa.' But perhaps you are right. On the whole, I think you are, as you doubtless know best your own weakness and worthiness. If the cloth can be dishonored, I wouldn't like you to do it. Now what else? Has the gentle art of healing any charms for you? Has Hygieia in 'gathering simplices' taken you captive? Have you compounded with Galen? But no, your horror of blood would come in here—unless, indeed, you should join the innocuous new school of that German mystic of medicine, Hahnemann. What's left? For Trade, I can myself see that you are woefully unfitted. You have, pardon me, neither the head, heart, nor body for the calling. Mercury would forever slip out of your grasp, without leaving a gift. So, what is left?—the Navy?—Diplomacy?—Politics?"

"I pray your mercy, no. The naval code is one unmitigated, unhumanizing oppression—ships of war are floating Newgates and chambers of torture. For the next proposition, I am as little fitted to figure at courts, as at the bar, or in the pulpit. Diplomacy is the calling of a butterfly, or a ferret. The diplomatist is but a higher sort of flunkey, or detective. As for the politician, he is only a desperate gambler, playing for power, with human liberties and rights. No—I have already chosen my pro-

fession, taken it, wired it, 'for better, or for worse.' It is Art. I would be a painter—nothing but a painter, Uncle Hugh."

Mr. Coniston looked at his nephew in wide-eyed astonishment, and uttered a breathless "God bless me!" After a moment's pause, he continued:

"Art! art! do you really expect to get on in the world by that?"

"I hope so, sir. I hope, at least, to get my living by painting."

"And a pretty living it is likely to be! I like fine pictures as well as any man, but I consider the making of them, as a profession, next to verse-making, which is next to nothing. Paint pictures colored like the rainbow, and enough of them to fill its arch, and it will not advance you in the world of men a step toward honor or power."

"Guido, Raphael, Titian, Buonarroti did not find it so,—and I am surprised to hear you, the most unworshipful of men, arguing against the art they glorified, and were glorified by."

"There you are again! going back to the old masters, as just now you went back to Christ and the Apostles. I tell you it is different now—shamefully different. I am not speaking of things as they should be, but as they are. In our utilitarian age and country, Art is undergoing a Babylonian captivity, robbed of its old honors and state. Time was when artists were the favored guests of kings and the companions of Popes—when wealth raised on them in a Daulian shower from the hands of the great. Now, rich parvenus look askance at them, and they sit below the salt at the tables of our insular nobility. Even our dilettanti young lords and fine ladies who dabble in paint, refuse to fellowship the masters of modern British Art—and our sweet young Queen (whom God save!) provides for them a second table, when they wait on her at Windsor, to execute her royal commands. It is better on the Continent—in France especially, but even there, they have outlived the spirit of the time when their princeliest princes graced his royalty by picking up and returning old Titian's mail-stick, and by pillow-ing on his breast the head of the dying Leonardo. With us it is the reverse, peculiarly, I think, in regard to the landscape painter, that while his genius brightens the homes of the rich and the great, and lives along their walls in perpetual summer, the artist sits in the shadow of neglect and poverty."

"If you had made choice of portraiture, your prospects would have been somewhat brighter, for human vanity can always be depended on for obeying the primal command, upon canvas or in marble; beauties and little great men never get enough of themselves in this way. But as it is, I must say your 'divine Art' is a beggarly profession."

"Well, Uncle Hugh, if it be,—and I grant there is some truth in what you say of it, and of the unworthy estimation in which it is held,—the more bravely and disinterestedness in embracing it. I do not count on its helping me on in the world to any estate of luxury or power—to any height of social distinction—but the simple truth is, I love it, with all the strength of my nature, with at least all the passion of my intellect, and that love is its 'own exceeding great reward.' Better failure and poverty with my art, than success and wealth without it."

"Ah, so you say now—but no man knows even the little world of himself, at twenty-two. Yet I see it is useless to argue with you. You are as completely set as the monument. And perhaps I have been weak in cherishing for you impracticable worldly hopes and projects. I wanted you to be all I might have been, and more. I wanted you to be a distinguished man, Philip—to enable truly the name of Coniston; not only by an honorable character, but by great works, or deeds. You need not laugh! My plans were not very definite, I confess, and such as they were, it is useless to dwell on them now. I really thought you uncommonly clever, and believed you able to command a great destiny, by the mastery of genius, in some way; and perhaps, after all, you have chosen the right way. What does your guardian, Sir Ralph, say to it?"

"Oh, he objected, of course, in his cold, supernal way; but did not offer to assist me in any other profession. His guardianship, or patronage, expired by limitation, the day I left Oxford."

"Ah, yes. Well, what says your mother?"

"She was disappointed and troubled at first, but has become quite reconciled. Doubtless she already sees in her boy a formidable rival of Rembrandt and Claude."

"Well, if she consents, I yield. Where do you intend to establish yourself?"

"In London at first—chiefly for the sake of the studies in the galleries there."

"Oh, of course,—all young adventurers, from Dick Whittington down, or up, to Chatterton, must go to London to seek their fortunes. But while you are in the witness-box, one more question: Have you any claim on the house of Baring Brothers?"

"None whatever," replied Philip, coloring painfully. "I have, of course, no money of my own, but my mother has a small sum laid by from her pension, which—"

"Which you shall not accept from her. I insist on being your banker, for the present, at least. When you get those orders for the Corridor at Windsor, you can repay me, you know. On what sum can you live respectably for a year, independent of the possible sale of your wares?"

"I think, sir, I could live upon an hundred pounds very well."

"You are disposed to be very frugal. I like

it, but nevertheless I will provide you with double that sum, and you must promise to let me know if this be found insufficient, for you must not be driven, by necessity, in the shape of a landlord or tailor, to sacrifice any of those pictures which are to be—those delicious moonlight scenes which glimmer in your dreams—those fiery sunsets you burn to paint. When do you wish to go?"

"At once—to-morrow, if you will permit."

"Oh, no, not so soon. I look for your cousin Vesta Lancaster shortly. You will stay to see her, surely?"

"Pardon. I think I had better not delay entering upon my work. If Miss Lancaster comes, you can well spare me; my place will be more than filled, and, for various reasons, I had better go at once."

"Ah, well," replied the nabob, some idea of Philip's heart affair, for the first time, flashing across his mind, "as I have begun to give way to you this morning, I suppose I must let you go the length of your letter. You shall set out for London as soon as you will, provided you promise to come back to me at the end of the year, and report frankly just how you get on with your divine mistress, and how you like her upon a closer acquaintance. If your passion continues undiminished, we'll have you married to her in form, and handsomely established; till then, we must consider you as only betrothed."

"My dear uncle, I have no words to thank you for your great kindness."

"Then don't try, my dear boy—only follow out the bent of your genius to your heart's content, take care of yourself and be as happy as you can, in your art-exile. And look here, my dear fellow, whether you 'put money in your purse,' and R. A. after thy name, or no, put flesh on thy bones, if possible, and above all, put off that confounded consumptive stoop."

When Hugh Coniston took leave of his nephew, he placed in his hand a small sealed packet, which Philip opened in the carriage that conveyed him to the station. He found it to contain several letters of introduction to people of distinction in London—bank-notes for two hundred pounds, and a brief letter of kindly advice.

In regard to Mr. Coniston wrote:—"Don't study Claude too much, if you mean to paint English landscapes. He is the most seductive of painters. His coloring intoxicates like wine,—but his voluptuous golden atmosphere is foreign to us,—and I think unapproachable by us. All the limitations I have seen have a sickly, sultry tone, instead of that fine aerial gold which bathes his pictures."

"It were better worth your while to study our own Turner. He interprets the genius of the North. You remember that simple rural landscape in the library. That to me contains the soul of an English summer—is an epitome of all Nature. A small stream—a rustic bridge, a few trees, a bit of sky, a mossy stone or two, are all the show it makes, but there is infinitely more in it than is painted. The water drips and gurgles, the tree seems painted down to the heart—the sky up to the stars—your eye sinks deep into the soft green of the moss; and then, through that faint, transparent haze, the ghost of a northern mist, the whole picture is as deliciously cool as the lap of a dell on Windermere."

"Turner's pictures are to me the most real things in modern art,—not because they are the most close and cunning copies of Nature in its every-day aspects and actualities,—but because unerringly true to its primal principles. Turner deals with the essence of Nature, and his pictures, like free translations, are often truer to the spirit of the original, when departing most widely from forms and overlooking details. Study him all you will,—but above all, keep clear of the Dutch school. That is not art, but mimicry."

Philip's life in London was one of profound and uninterrupted devotion to his art. He lived obscurely and frugally, on less than the limited allowance of his uncle—he presented no letters, sought the acquaintance of no artists, and visited no studios, though he frequented all the galleries to which he had access. Fuseli was no longer painting his weird, tremendous pictures, but Martin was evolving from the seething elements of his genius, his vague vastnesses, his grandeur and terrors and destructions, his misty heavens and Miltonic bells. Haydon was wielding his titanic brush, Turner tumbling red waves across the canvas, painting the earth as "good" as God left it; and transcendent skies; and Wilkie making the great world weep and laugh with homely, peasant griefs and joys. But Philip, who might have known all these, sought none of them. He resolved to toil on for a time, at least, without aid, or counsel—to know not what others were doing, and to allow no one to behold, or criticize the work on his hands. He finished three small landscapes in the course of the winter, two of which he exhibited in the spring. But when at the opening of the R. A. exhibition, full of hope and exultation, he sought out the pictures which had apparently been accepted without hesitation, he had the measureless mortification to find that they had been hung so high that all his delicate, loving touches were lost. The light was wretched, falling in such a way as to give them a spotted, dusky, chaotic look, quite maddening to the poor unfriended artist, who remonstrated with the committee in vain. As well might a miserable criminal remonstrate with the respectable hanging authorities of Newgate about the mode in which he should be swung off.

Thus and so being the case, Philip had little reason to wonder that his pictures attracted little notice from connoisseurs, and were scarcely mentioned by the critics of the press. One journal curtly dismissed them thus: "Numbers 352 and 353 cannot be seen."

Yet oddly enough, the ill-used, over-looked, or under-looked landscapes were both purchased, at the artist's first price, not a very modest one, at an early day of the exhibition, by a stranger—a certain, or rather uncertain elderly gentleman, who looked like a steward, or agent, who evidently did not purchase them for himself, but declined to name his principal.

In his own mind, Philip had little doubt but that his pictures were destined to a more honorable place in the gallery of Wytham Court—but on writing his suspicions to his uncle, he was stoutly assured that such was not the fact. "I was not so selfish," wrote the nabob, with some archness, "as to catch them up at once, and allow no other picture-fanciers a chance at them. Doubtless they are very fine. London must be a grand place to paint landscapes in. But I forget you took all your sketches from Nature and only worked them out in town—beholding by the clairvoyance of genius, country-atmosphere through miles of solid brick and stone, country skies through a dome of smoke and a wet blanket of fog."

In this letter, Mr. Coniston informed the young painter of some circumstances and events which had only in part come to his knowledge through the public journals. The Dowager Countess of Egerton died at her town house in Portman Square, in the early spring. With the exception of a few trifling legacies, her property had been left without reservation, to her grand-daughter, Vesta Lancaster, who, after a few weeks spent in the family of the Earl of Egerton, had chosen her mother's uncle, Hugh Coniston, as her guardian, and Wytham Court as her home, during the remainder of her minority.

The gentle-hearted old man thus wrote of the new home-happiness and brightness which Vesta's coming had brought to his grand, desolate mansion. "She always came like a bird from the tropics, bringing warmth and beauty and melody—but she flitted away so soon, leaving shadow, cold and silence. Now I have espied her—I can watch her hour after hour, and the house overflows with her music. Her gentle companionship is unlooked-for compensation for much of sadness and deprivation in the years gone by.—It is an unexpected blossoming of summer flowers very late in the autumn—a bright, gleaming burst of sunlight on a leaden evening sky."

Ah, the old man's words were truer than he thought!

When Philip laid down that letter, it was to exclaim—"Oh, farther off—still farther off, more utterly unattainable!"

Philip had seen his Cousin Vesta several times since he came to London, and previous to the death of her grand-mamma, but always in public, and "standing afar off." Now riding in the Park, now in her box at the opera, now at church, barred away from plebeian sinners by the high partition wall of Lady Egerton's pew. Once, however, he had a near view of her, as she came down the steps of the house in Portman Square, and entered her carriage. She was probably going to the opera, the only place of fashionable amusement which she frequented,—and Philip standing quite unobserved in the shadow of the wall, saw that she was dressed in white, and that she wore crimson roses in her hair. The dress was rich silk, and lace, not girlish muslin any longer, but the flowers were natural. The scent of them floated to Philip where he stood—it followed him home, through the lonely, misty streets, and haunted his dreams all night.

CHAPTER VIII.

HUGH CONISTON'S CHRISTMAS.

Early in the December of this year, Hugh Coniston wrote to the young artist—

"Come to us for the Christmas holidays, without fail. We are to have a great family gathering of all the Conistons and Ashburys, my mother's family—I shall be able to muster in the United Kingdom. They have all promised to be here by the 23rd,—but you must not be so late. Come now—by the next train, if possible,—the sooner the better. I now feel that I really have a home—not merely a bachelor's hotel, to invite you to. I am impatient to have you see what a graceful and gracious hostess I have in Vesta."

To this letter, after a brief struggle between inclination and pride, Philip replied with an excuse—saying that he feared that pressing engagements would prevent him from being at Wytham Court any sooner than the other guests;—and for this, he never forgave himself.

When the young artist finally arrived at his uncle's house, he saw by the unusual number of lighted windows, raying out hospitality and Christmas jollity upon the early dark of a stormy winter night, that the other expected guests were all there before him. But late-comer as he was, his welcome was no less glad and kindly. His uncle received him at the door—not only with the hearty English handshake, but with an embrace, after the beautiful German custom at Christmas-time. The next instant his mother's arms were around his neck, her beautiful, joy-brimmed eyes and her soft, yearning lips raised to his. Then came Vesta, with a blush and a smile, and a frankly extended hand, and the tone in which she said "Philip," was equal to a kiss of welcome.

At dinner, Philip was amazed at the number of himself he encountered, Conistons and Ashburys of whom he had barely heard—Conistons and Ashburys whom he had never before seen; country gentlemen and their portly domes—this baronet, and stout curate—Deshlores, spinners, gentle, blushing school-girls, and gentle, blushing school-boys. He was presented to, and shook hands with all these—confronting now and then, as, for instance, when the hand-touch was soft and timid, or the grasp frank and manly, to a somewhat pleasurable tingling of kindred blood.

Philip was troubled to see his mother looking somewhat pale and worn. Her aged parents were becoming daily more infirm, and the care of them and of the household pressed too heavily upon her. But she revived wonderfully in the presence of her darling, her "boy," from whom she had never before been so long separated—for she had not seen him since she began his lonely art-life in London.

Christmas Eve was kept in the good old way at Wytham Court—all its gracious time-honored customs were observed—quaint, half-forgotten pastimes were revived and all was mirth, good cheer and good-fellowship. The genial, generous spirit of the host, seemed to touch into temporary life, mysterious affluence latent in kindred blood, and to harmonize for the hour, characters the most dissimilar and hopelessly unsympathetic. Even Lady Coniston, of Coniston Hall, became gracious to the daughter of the apothecary of Woolham; and her son, Harold Coniston, Esq., got on very well with his cousin, the painter.

Vesta Lancaster was still in mourning, but she ventured to wear one festal red rose in her hair.

Philip could not doubt but that this was in remembrance of an eventful Christmas long ago—but he was at a loss to decide whether it evinced rare poetic sentiment and womanly constancy, or the refinement of delicate coquetry; and after the way of his self-tormenting spirit, he finally accepted the latter solution.

Philip ever after remembered his uncle as he had seen him, that Christmas Eve—standing in the great gestic hall, before the wide, old-fashioned hearth, on which the yule-log was now fast waiting to ashes—bidding his guests good-night, with hearty grasps of the hand, and wishing them all good and happiness, in the Lord's dear name. He remembered the words, the tone of the good-night, and the blessing that fell to his share—the lingering hand-clasp, and the proud, protective look of the clear, dark eyes, yet undimmed by age. And Vesta remembered her blessing, the fond pet-name, and the tender, reverential kiss which followed it.

On Christmas morning, the guests met in the breakfast parlor, at a late hour—yet to the surprise of every one, their host, a habitual early-riser, careful and exact to punctiliousness in all the duties and forms of hospitality, was not there to receive them. All too soon, however, the mystery was explained, in a startling and melancholy manner. Mr. Coniston had been found in his bed, in a state of utter insensibility, from which no efforts availed to arouse him. His physician had been summoned, and was now with him.

The most painful excitement prevailed throughout the household—grief and anxious foreboding taking the place of the joy and gaiety of the preceding night.

Dr. Grey, on leaving the chamber of his patient, reported him as suffering from a severe paralytic shock—as apparently restored to consciousness, though still speechless. He confirmed the saddest fears of friends and relatives. Mr. Coniston might not live throughout the day, though it was possible that he might linger for several days. It was the second or third attack, and without doubt, a fatal one.

All the guests and household of the noble old man were allowed to visit him in his chamber. They stole in softly, looked at their friend—some taking his already lifeless hand, and speaking a few words, low with awe and sorrow—then silently passed out. All the servants were observed to be in tears. One of these, a hard, strong man, who had been rescued from ways of sin and wretchedness by the pure human kindness and faith of his master, now knelt at his bedside, kissed his hand and wept over it, like a grieved child, or a sinful woman.

It was evident that the dying man knew them all, though his soul, bound and imprisoned in silence, "gave no sign," save through the eyes, which looked benedictions and farewells.

Mrs. Coniston, Philip and Vesta, were all with him during the greater part of the day, vying with one another in gentle and loving ministrations.

Once, as the young artist and his cousin were standing together at the bedside of the beloved old man, he looked from Philip to Vesta, and from Vesta to Philip, with a tenderness and a meaning which transcended all words. It was a look which each felt profoundly, sounding the hidden depths of the heart, yet which neither dared to interpret.

Just at sunset, on the day of his Lord's birth, Hugh Coniston was borne into the life of the blessed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BRIGHT BOY.—Not long since, some ladies walking in the garden of an eminent divine, who has been classed among the transcendentalists, saw his little boy scurrying up the gravel path with an old table spoon. "What are you doing, my little boy?" inquired one of the ladies. "Oh," said the young offspring of transcendentalism, "I'm digging after the infinite."

—M. Y. Post.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886.

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a mere reprint of a Daily Paper.

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“Life,” “The Barque of Love,” “Stray
Thoughts.”

THE LAST EXCITEMENT.

The reports brought by various American
vessels in relation to visits—some of a compul-
sory character—from British cruisers, off the
coast of Cuba, have created much excitement,
judging from the inflammatory tone of many of
our editorial brethren. War is already freely
alluded to as a probable result, and the annexa-
tion of Cuba as a not very improbable corollary.
For ourselves, finding as we do an occasional
streak of gray in our hair and whiskers, we feel
it best to take such matters a little more
coolly and deliberately—and to wait until we
have investigated somewhat the state of the
facts, before “flying off the handle” of our re-
cent good feeling towards our English cousins.
The Scriptures inculcate the duty of “being
slow to wrath,” and such slowness, although it
may seem almost unpardonable to some of our
“fast men” in this “fast age,” still strikes us
as being conformable to the dictates of true
worldly wisdom, as well as of Revelation.

It is evident so far, in reading the various
statements and articles of the daily press, that
two subjects are almost invariably confounded
by our people—we allude to the Right of Visitation
and the Right of Search. The Right of
Search, under suspicious circumstances, is, we
believe, a disputed principle of that rather un-
certain code, the Law of Nations. Several
of our statesmen, occupying high official po-
sitions, have, on various occasions, taken
strong ground against any exercise of the Right
of Search, under any circumstances. But the
nation, speaking through its authorized repre-
sentatives, has never, if we are correctly in-
formed, taken ground against the Right of
Search in itself—so much as against its exer-
cise to attain certain ends which were consid-
ered of themselves violations of the laws of na-
tion. For instance, in the second war with
Great Britain, that power claimed the Right to
search American vessels, in order to ascertain
whether any sailors were aboard who owed al-
legiance, as she considered it, to the British
crown. The English sailors, many of them,
preferred the American service—and England
claimed the right to search even our national
vessels, examine into the activity of the men,
and carry off all deserters from her own ma-
rine. Against the Right of Search for such an
object, the second war with Great Britain was
fought—and although England did not formally
renounce her obnoxious claim in the Treaty
of Peace, she has ever since renounced the
practice so far as we were concerned. Against any
renewal of such a practice, she would find the
United States banded as one man.

But the Right of Visitation is a very different
thing from the Right of Search. As the ocean
belongs to nobody in particular, but to every-
body in general, no one nation can be authorized
to take measures for the suppression of piracy
offences, to the exclusion of the rest of the
world. Therefore, all pirates, of whatever na-
tion, have been held to be outlaws, to be sum-
marily dealt with by the armed vessels and
legal authorities of whatever power might be
able to apprehend them. But a pirate does not
confine himself to his own blood-red flag—he
uses the flag of any nation, as may best serve his
turn. Supposing therefore an American cruiser
learns that some piratical craft is committing
great depredations and heinous outrages in a
certain neighborhood. She sails there—and
cruising about, spies at length a suspicious ves-
sel, but with the Spanish flag flying. If she
have no right to order that suspicious vessel
to lie to, until she can be visited, and her pa-
pers examined, to see whether she have, or
have not, a right to use the flag in question,
what folly it would be to attempt to capture a
pirate at all. Any suspicious customer would
have nothing to do but to raise some flag
which she would be morally certain could have
no cruiser in the vicinity—some Prussian,
Italian or Austrian flag, for instance—and she
would go scot free. In fact, to totally deny the
Right of Visitation, would be to give the wide
ocean up to piracy and murder.

That it is often unpleasant for an innocent
cruiser to be visited at sea, to ascertain whether
he is an honest trader or not, is doubtless
true. It is unpleasant on land, for an innocent
individual to be arrested on suspicion of having
committed some grave offence, and perhaps be
further subjected to grievous expense and even
imprisonment, before his innocence is establish-
ed. Many unpleasant things have to be sub-
mitted to by honest men—or else require be al-
lowed to commit crime with impunity.

But though the Right of Visitation seems to us

an undeniable right, the Visitor of course must
exercise his right with all due respect, and
courtesy. Neither must he use said Right
unwisely, to annoy vessels the character of
which he well knows without a visit. He
must be able to show probable grounds of sus-
picion, or else his visit, instead of a Right, is
an injury and an insult. To determine there-
fore, the character of any disputed Visitation,
requires an accurate ascertainment of the true
facts of the case.

To return to the Right of Search. Our read-
ers will see at once, how it often would natu-
rally grow out of the Right of Visitation. A
vessel supposed to be piratical is visited—but
papers are produced, apparently showing her
to be an honest trader, engaged in lawful com-
merce. But said papers themselves may have a
suspicious aspect. Therefore it is urged, by those
who contend for the Right of Search, that it
would be ridiculous to allow such a vessel to
pass under her forged or fraudulent papers,
when a ten minutes' examination of the vessel
herself, would decide beyond all doubt whether
she was what her papers represented her to be,
or a piratical craft, carrying no freight save a
numerous crew, with cutlasses, boarding-pikes
and cannon. In fact, so strong is this argument,
based upon a practical, common-sense view of
the case, that we doubt whether the Right of
Search would ever have been called in ques-
tion, had it not been for its being coupled, as in
the case of our dispute with Great Britain in
1812, with other doctrines and practices of the
most unbecoming and unjustifiable character.

As it is, the Right of Search is naturally
odious to American ears; and, therefore, when
the question of the suppression of the Slave
Trade came up, our Government agreed to
keep a sufficient force on the coast of Africa to
do the police-work of those seas on all vessels
bearing the American flag, without any assist-
ance from the British cruisers. Under that
agreement, the British have, we believe, confined
themselves to the Right of Visitation, so far as
suspicious vessels carrying the American flag
were concerned, in order to see whether the
papers of said vessels were apparently right,
without any attempt at making a further in-
vestigation into their character. And, so far as
we have noticed, in the recent occurrences off
the coast of Cuba, no attempt to search an
American vessel has been made. The disputed
point of the Right of Search in the case of a
supposed slave, has been virtually yielded by
England, so far as the United States is con-
cerned. In the case of a supposed piratical
vessel, we believe no agreement has yet been
made.

If the Right of Visitation—unobjectionable
as it is in itself, and absolutely necessary as we
have shown it to be, for the safety of the sea—
be used, however, in a wanton, unnecessary and
discourteous manner—and it is thus alleged to
have been recently used by the British cruisers
—it of course may become, like any other
practice, highly offensive and objectionable.
We are pleased, therefore, that our government
has taken immediate steps to call the attention
of the English Ministry to this matter. Even
the shaking-of-hands, an act of greeting and
amity, may be performed in such a manner as
to become an injury and an insult. And it may
be that some English officials, not particularly
well-affected to the United States, are taking
advantage of their instructions which their
superiors had not dreamed of. If so, the sooner
the matter is brought before the attention of
those high in power, the better for the good
understanding of the two countries. In the
meantime, by representing the fires of our wrath
a little, we shall have a larger supply left, if
the emergency should prove to be such that
nothing will satisfy it, but to

“Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.”

HOT BREAD.

Dr. John S. Bunting, after experimenting
with the famous Alexis St. Martin—who,
owing to a bullet wound, has a hole in his
stomach through which all the processes of
digestion can be observed—writes as follows
relative to hot bread:—

“Hot bread never digests. Bear this in mind,
reader, if you are accustomed to eat the light
and tempting biscuit at tea, or the warm loaf
which looks so appetizing upon your dinner
table. Hot bread never digests at all; after a
long season of tumbling and working about in
the stomach, it will begin to ferment, and it will
eventually be passed out of the stomach as an
unwelcome tenant of that delicate organ, but
never digests—never becomes assimilated to
be absorbed by the organs that appropriate nutri-
tion to the body. It is a first rate dyspepsia
producer. The above is truth, as it has been
repeatedly proved from actual observation
through the side of Alexis St. Martin.”

We think that the evidence relied on by Dr.
Bunting, though certainly very strong, is not
entirely conclusive. For we all know that a
given article of food may disagree with one
man very much, and yet agree perfectly with
another. Now there is a possibility that Mr.
St. Martin's stomach may differ from the stom-
achs of men in general, so far as hot bread,
and certain other articles of diet, are concerned.
It seems to us that if it were true of all men,
that their stomachs could not digest “light and
tempting biscuits,” “warm loaves,” &c., “at
all,” that such things would be far less popular
than they are for the table. There are men
who cannot eat such simple articles as apples,
strawberries, &c., without very unpleasant con-
sequences—and yet it would not follow from a
glance into their stomachs, that apples and
strawberries disagreed with everybody. Dr.
Bunting must be careful not to rest too wide
an edifice of conclusions upon such a narrow
base as one man's digestion, else the whole may
topple over.

THE pigeon-roost in Decatur county, Indiana,
extends over a distance of twenty-eight miles.
It is about fourteen miles wide. The birds
have not nested at this roost for thirty years
until this spring. Over this vast extent of
country every tree has from ten to fifteen nests,
and every nest at least one bird. The young
are now hardly able to fly, and the shooting is
mere slaughter. The old birds leave early in
the morning in search of food, and return in the
evening.

We trust the above sprinkling of pigeons
will remain in Indiana until it is ascertained
whether the Texan grasshoppers, or rather
locusts, are coming up this way. We know no
better remedy for one plague than the other.

THE MORMONS.

The news from Utah to the effect that
Brigham Young had abolished his usurped
Governorship, and that Governor Cummings
had been invited to Salt Lake City for the
purpose of exercising his official functions, ap-
pears to be confirmed, though the Government,
at the time we write this, has received no re-
liable information to that effect. It is gene-
rally understood that the arrangement that has
been made, whatever it may prove to be, is the
work of Col. T. L. Kane, of this city—a brother
of Dr. Kane—who visited the Mormons some
years since at Nauvoo, and sympathized with
their reputed injuries very warmly. In fact, a
correspondent of the Washington Union, goes
so far as to say that Col. Kane is himself a
Mormon—a statement which we take it for
granted is erroneous. In relation to this
whole matter, the Washington Union says, in a
recent editorial:—

It is hardly necessary to say that we distrust
the telegraph news, which announces the capitu-
lation of the Mormons, and the establishment
of peace in Utah. It is not improbable that Mr.
Kane, who is but a private citizen, having no
commission of any sort from the Government,
has succeeded, through his mysterious personal
relations with the Mormons, in inducing that
people to invite Governor Cummings to Salt
Lake City, and to recognize his official au-
thority. If this be so, and Governor Cummings
has actually proceeded to the Mormon City,
some armistice or truce may be the result
from his presence in the city; but it is also
not improbable that the war has come to the
sudden and abrupt termination announced by
the telegraph.

These advices, through private channels, it
must be remembered, are unaccompanied, as
usual, by concurrent advices through official
channels; for no confirmation has been received
of them by the Government.
The late period of the reason of Congress,
and the effect which such news might naturally
have upon bills before that body making pro-
vision for prosecuting the military operations in
Utah, furnishes an additional reason to distrust
this suspicious news, and for exercising great
caution in respect to all advices of the same
character which reach here at this time through
Mormon channels.

The Washington correspondent of the North
American, of this city, says, relative to Col.
Kane's visit to Utah:—

When Col. Kane determined to visit that
territory, he came to Washington, and informed
the President of his purpose, but without de-
veloping any plan, or expecting any agency.
The President, in reply, dissuaded him from his
self-imposed peril of such a journey, but find-
ing him resolute in the intention, he then gave
him a general letter of consideration, which
was intended to secure the recognition of the
officers of Government where he might go, and
their protection if necessary, in the event of
danger. It was nothing more than an expres-
sion of personal courtesy and attention. Con-
sidering the relations which formerly subsisted
between Col. Kane and some of the Mormon
leaders, it is not improbable if any arrange-
ment has been effected, as the telegraph re-
ports, that he has been serviceable and instru-
mental in achieving it. But not being in the
employment of Government in any capacity
whatever, no intelligence has been received
from him, and none is expected.

It is probable that the exact nature of the
arrangement that has been made, will not be
known until the return of Col. Kane, which
may be before many days. But we are glad to
see it stated, that, in no event, will the advance-
ment of the troops upon Salt Lake city be coun-
termanded. It is designed, it is said, to es-
tablish a military depot at that place, with a
sufficient number of men to protect the emi-
grants on their passage across the plains, and
to insure the respect of the Indian tribes.

If the Mormons have resolved to submit to
the laws of the United States, the presence of
a military force will be rather welcome to them
than otherwise, on account of the distribution
that it will cause of more or less of Uncle
Sam's borrowed money among them—while, if
their present action be merely designed as a
ruse, and their rebellious spirit be as fierce and
strong as ever, Governor Cummings will need
something more than a “poise comitatus” to
force the first year of his administration is over.
For these reasons it is to be hoped that Con-
gress will authorize the necessary outlays
for the continuance of the military opera-
tions in that section, in case they should be
needed, without regard to the tenor of these
recent advices.

HORSE TAMING.

The Scientific American proposes the follow-
ing “new” system of taming—though it is not
entirely new even to the Atlantic public, as it
was recommended in the papers many years
ago. Mr. Rayey is said to be making his for-
tune by his system, which he does not hesitate
to admit has for its key some secret process,
though he denies that any of the guesses made
have disclosed the truth. The American says:

This new system of taming is founded on the
well known process employed in subduing bu-
ffalo calves and wild horses taken by the lasso,
and consists in simply gradually advancing to-
ward the horse to be subdued, until you are
able to place your hand on the animal's nose
and over his eyes, and then to breathe strongly
and gently, as judgment may dictate, into the
nostrils. We have the authority of Catlin, in
his “Letters and Notes on the American In-
dians,” that this process is the one practiced by
the Indians in taming the wild horses of the
prairies, and that it is invariably attended with
success. It is mentioned by him that it is
breathing, not blowing, into the nostrils that is
to be performed, and that it ought to be con-
tinued some time to secure success.

Speaking of the astonishing power thus exer-
cised over wild animals, Catlin says:—
“I have often, in concurrence with a known
custom of the country, held my hands over the
eyes of a buffalo calf, and breathed a few strong
breaths into his nostrils, after which I have,
with my travelling companions, rode several
miles into our encampment, with the little pri-
soner busily following the heels of my horse the
whole way, as closely and affectionately as his
instinct would attach it to its dam. This is one
of the most extraordinary things I have witness-
ed since I came into this wild country; and al-
though I had often heard of it, and felt unable
exactly to believe it, I am now willing to bear
testimony to the fact, from the numerous in-
stances which I have witnessed, since I came
into the country.”

THE plagiarism from Hallist of which
Governor Wise, of Virginia, was accused by
the Richmond Whig, is said to be nothing more
than “a slander of the printer in misplacing
quotation marks.”

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths
during the past week in this city was 173—
Adults 94, and children 78.

PROUDHON'S IDEA OF WOMAN.

The French socialist and “red republican,”
Proudhon—originator of the famous, or rather
infamous maxim, that “property is robbery,”—
takes a very disparaging view of “the better
half of creation,” in his late work, which was
suppressed soon after its publication in Paris. He
says, as we learn from a correspondent of the
Evening Bulletin:—

“Woman in herself can form no category;
she is capable, up to a certain point, of receiv-
ing an idea and of following its seductions; she
never generalizes, never is capable of synthesis.
Her mind is antithetical. As Daniel Stern
says, if she has an idea, it is by some lucky
chance, an accident of which she herself can
not give the demonstration, the reason. The
result of this is that a woman is capable of
producing a regular composition, even though it
be but a novel. She can only seize analogies;
she makes a sort of marionette of improvisation;
she composes melodies and monotonies. In
conversation she does not take in the whole
sense of her interlocutor's discourse—the only
reply to his last word. For the same reason,
she lacks critical power; she can make an epi-
gram, say a witty or satirical thing, she suc-
ceeds in mimicry; she can neither give a reason
for, or form a judgment. Her reason, like the
eyes of Venus, squints. I am willing to believe
that woman has largely contributed her share
to the vocabulary of languages; but she did
not create the words that express abstract
ideas, such as substance, cause, time, space, quan-
tity, &c.; neither did she create grammatical
rules and particles, any more than she invented
arithmetic and algebra.”

“In a woman's book one can always separate
and recognize what is her own from the borrow-
ings, imitations, common-places and gleanings;
unless nature changes her laws, I can say that
the residue will always be found to consist of
lively notions, without a particle of philosophy.”
M. Proudhon, whom we do not follow in
all his very plain and crude expressions, con-
tinues in this severe and unexceptionable man-
ner to deny woman anything definite, the shadow of
a conception, any power of analogy, of synthesis.
“To the common capital of ideas she contributes
nothing,” he calls her a “passive being, whose
contribution, like her carcases, wears and ex-
hausts you.” He would preserve whole his
string of mind and body must fly from her;
she is murderous.”

One might readily suppose, from the dispa-
raging tone of the above remarks, and the writ-
er's apparent dislike to having anything to do
with the female sex, that M. Proudhon had no
mother at all—but came into the world, as cer-
tain atheistic philosophers of somewhat similar
stamp have phrased it, “by the fortuitous con-
course of atoms.” If, however, this be an im-
possible supposition, we might be tempted al-
most to admit that M. Proudhon himself is a
proof of the partial truth of one of his own as-
sertions relative to women—“she is incapable
of producing a regular composition—the com-
posites (sometimes) melodies and monotonies.”
Such opinions as we have quoted are doubly
deplorable as coming from France, where, if we
may be allowed a hibernicism, perhaps the no-
biest men that have ever lived were women—
witness Joan d'Arc, Madame Roland, and Char-
lotte Corday.

The “City Item” says that there is
talk of remodeling the Academy of Music—
our Opera House—and turning it into an
hotel!

New Publications.

THE HISTORY OF MINNESOTA, by EDWARD
DUFFIELD NEILL, (J. B. Lippincott & Co.,
Philadelphia,) is a valuable addition to our col-
lection of State histories. The region it cele-
brates has already been invested with a more
poetic interest by the genius of Longfellow.
Here is the scene of Hiawatha—here—

“In the land of the Dakotas
Lived the arrow-maker's daughter
Minnehaha, laughing-water,
Handsomest of all the women.”

The land of the Dakotas realizes to-day to the
eye of the summer tourist all those gorgeous
descriptions of its scenery which we find in
Longfellow's poem. Nowhere, it is said, is
scenery more widely beautiful. So many and
so lovely are its lakes and streams and cata-
racts, that the French traveler, Nicot, say-
ing it fit for the abode of the water-spirits,
called it Uncie. Once inhabited only by
painted and picturesque Indians, among whom
came, at intervals, the lonely Jesuit missionary,
the French voyageur, perhaps a solitary trapper,
or a trader in furs, it is now thronged with
ever-increasing numbers of civilized men, whose
towns and cities are fast rising and spreading
all over its surface. Its invaded aboriginal si-
lence and savage beauty daily dissolve like the
fabric of a vision, into the ordinary aspects
and conditions of civilization. A steady stream
of emigrants—farmers, merchants, traders, me-
chanics, speculators—pour from the eastward
to settle on its soil, and enlarge the humbling
hive of its industrial and social life. This being
so—Minnesota being a land of promise to many,
to many a land of performance—it is well to
have a good account of it, which has hitherto
been wanting. The work under notice covers
the whole history of the State, from the ear-
liest French explorations to the present time,
and seems in every way complete, thorough
and reliable. The pains-taking industry that
went to the preparation, is everywhere evident
in its pages, and it doubtless furnishes all de-
sirable information. The physical characteris-
tics, climatology, topography, agricultural ad-
aptability, and political history of the region, are
fully treated—while graphic details of the man-
ners, customs, character and general social life
of the Indian tribes that once dwelt in the
State, and episodes and anecdotes of the indi-
vidual experience and adventures of early set-
tlers, give the work a lively and somewhat ro-
mantic interest.

AN EVERY DAY BOOK OF HISTORY AND
CHRONOLOGY, by JOEL MUNSELL, (D. Apple-
ton & Co., New York,) brings together in a
concise form the great facts and events of each
day of the year in all ages, from the creation
to the present time, and arranges them chrono-
logically. Doubtless the student of history and
chronology will find his account in this volume,
which is made still more available by a com-
plete alphabetical index of contents.

SELECT DISCOURSES, (Sermons, Blackman &
Co., New York,) introduces the reader to the
thought of Adolphe Monod, Krumpholtz, Thi-
lueck, and Julius Muller, all celebrated French
and German writers and preachers on religious
subjects.

SUICIDE OF H. W. HERBERT.

H. W. Herbert, the author, who wrote often
under the name of “Frank Forester,” committed
suicide at the Stevens House, Broadway,
on the 17th. The following article, from the
Newark Advertiser, gives the place of his residence,
gives an account of his troubles:—

The incident more immediately affecting
Herbert's mind, commenced with his second
marriage, which occurred at the House of
Prayer, in this city, on the 16th of February
last, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Shaeffer, performing
the ceremony. The bride was Miss Adela
R. Budlong, a young lady from Rhode Island,
with whom Herbert had formed a sudden and
romantic attachment during a visit she was
making in New York. It appears from his own
statement to the writer of this, about the time
of the occurrence, that he believed her from the
assault of some ruffian in one of the New York
avenues, and accompanied her to her hotel; a
correspondence followed, and resulted in the
wedding, which was comparatively private.
Only four gentlemen of this city being present
by invitation, with two from New York, in addi-
tion to the bride's mother and father. They
came from New York in the 3 P. M. train,
which was delayed by an accident; for about an
hour on the way, and it was late in the after-
noon when the ceremony was performed.

The parties proceeded immediately to Mr.
Herbert's cottage, at “The Cedars,” about two
miles above the centre of this city, on the Pas-
sawic river, and for a time they were perfectly
happy in each other's society. Some six weeks
after this occurrence the reptile spirit of calumny
crept into his quiet home; it is alleged that
some one, represented to be a lady, took occa-
sion, probably without any idea of the tragic
result, and poured into his wife's mind a recital
of the worst features of his life, in the usual
exaggerated gossip, and on his return he found
her alone and melancholy. She told him what
had passed, but refused to reveal the person;
and in the heat of his impetuosity he threat-
ened to destroy himself if she did not reveal the
name. She in turn became frantically alarmed,
and ruptured a small blood vessel, or produced
a hemorrhage of the lungs. This in turn alarmed
Herbert, who did all he could to restore her
to health, and relieve her mind, but from that
moment she determined to leave him, and did
so during his absence in New York.

According to his representations he passed
out of his back gate, which leads into the cem-
etery, and she accompanied him to the fence,
bidding him an affectionate adieu, with a kiss.
On his return she had gone, and the full gush
of desolation and despair unbalanced his sensitive
mind. He strove in vain to bring her back, and
thinking it would promote the object he left his
cottage, which he thought might have been too
lovely for her, and took apartments at the Ste-
vens House, N. Y. (late Delmonico's) near the
Bowling Green. Here he used every effort of
his ingenuity to recover his wife, but she steady-
ly refused to meet him, and finally instructed
her attorney to inform him that she would re-
ceive no further communications from him. This
last drop overflowed the cup of his bitter-
ness; the future seemed all hopeless, and he
took to his own destruction. On Saturday he
purchased a Colt's revolver for the purpose, and
determined to shoot himself in the cemetery, where
he last parted from her he loved so well. On Sun-
day he went for his friend, Philip H. Anton, who
remained with him during the day, and till 2
o'clock on Monday morning. At that hour he
was conversing with him on the subject that
had been on his mind, and suddenly went out
into an adjoining bedroom; the snap of a pistol was
immediately heard, and the unhappy man came
reeling back into the sitting room, exclaiming:—
“I told you I would do it!” He sank down,
and after a few groans expired.

Mr. Herbert left a letter addressed to the
Press, asking it “silence,” and not to be
“misrepresented and maligned.” He says:—

“I ask no praise—do not praise me—prob-
ably I deserve none. I deserve reproach doubt-
less, for I am mortal and have sinned—say so
openly, if you say anything, and let my sin go
with my mortality to its judgment; you can
tell, not only when and where, but why they
were committed, and how far they have pallia-
tion—how far they deserve pardon.”

“Remember also when you judge me that of
all lives mine has been almost the most un-
happy. No counselor, no friends, no country
have been mine for six-and-twenty weary years.
Every boy has broken down under my foot as
soon as it touched it. Every spark of happi-
ness has been quenched as soon as it has been
kindled.”

“If I have sinned much and sorrowed much,
I have also loved much—more perhaps than I
have either sinned or sorrowed. It is the last
drop that overflows the golden bowl, the last
note that breaks the silver cord. My last
hope is gone—my last love and my life go to-
gether, and so good-night to
May 18, 1886. HENRY HERBERT.

He also left a letter to the Coroner, both
letters are dated the 18th, the last, “Tuesday,
the 18th,” though he committed suicide on
Monday the 17th—in which he says:—

“I have abundance of employment, and the
prospect of much more—had the people of New-
ark, whom I forgive from the bottom of my
heart, suffered me to live harmoniously and
happily in my humble home, and to amend my
life, where it was in error, in a new sphere,
which was honestly prepared to do, I might
have paid off all my debts, and lived many years
among you, an honest, useful, and happy man.
My debts will be paid from my assets, to the
last dollar.”

“It was not, however, so to be; my blood,
and the guilt of it, is upon those women and
men of Newark, who first sowed suspicion, dis-
trust, and division between myself and the
people of Newark. God ever gave to me, and man
took away from me an unhappy slinger. My own
unhappy temper did the rest.”

“The reason for this act, then, is simple. My
life—long and solitary and weary, and with-
out an object beyond labor to earn a living,
for the day—has been utterly hopeless, hateful
and unendurable.”

“My home had been kindled in my heart again
and again. I was immeasurably happy; all
this has been dashed down, all is lost forever—
home, hope, sunshine, &c. Let life go, like-
wise, since henceforth it is but another word
for torture.”

“I would not deny falsely any fault of which
I am conscious, especially at this last moment;
I would not deny that I erred towards her
whom this day shows I have loved more than
life.”

“I did err, but it was hastily, in rash act or
rash word; never, so may God deal with me,
thought or intention. I never had a word with
her about money matters, or about my debts,
nor about my new whether she had or had not
money. I never laid a hand or finger on her in
wrath in my life. What I said or did wrong-
fully I repented on the instant, and have endeav-
ored to atone for ever since. I die for it this
day.”

“I think I hope, I deserve pity more than
blame. But I know I did it, and I did it in
all in Newark. I can say truly, with my last
breath, I never wronged a man or woman in my
life with premeditation, or failed to pay pardon
and atone when I could do so. I never bore
malice in my life; I repented of all my faults and
sins, and have endeavored to amend them. I
die in perfect peace and charity with all men.
I beg forgiveness of all those against whom I have
sinned. I forgive all those who have sinned
against me: even the woman who called at my
own house, and set my wife's thoughts first
against me. In proof of it, I am sure I know
her, but do not name her name. I beg God to
forgive me as I forgive all my enemies. I die

in perfect faith and trust in my Redeemer, and
believe that in Him I shall have eternal life.
“HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.”

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

The evidence elicited proved conclusively that
the deceased had committed suicide for some time
past. After a brief consultation the jury re-
turned the following verdict:

That Henry William Herbert came to his
death by suicide, by shooting himself with a
pistol, May 17th, 1886.
He was a native of England, and fifty-
two years of age.

JERROLDIANA.

At a social club to which Jerrold belonged,
the subject turned one evening upon music.
The discussion was animated, and a certain
song was cited as an exquisite composition.
“That song,” exclaimed an enthusiastic mem-
ber, “always carries me away when I
hear it.”

Jerrold (looking eagerly round the table.)
“Can anybody whistle it?”

“Speaking your mind,” he says, “is an ex-
traneous thing that has ruined many a man.”
“Reputation is to notoriety what real virtue
is to mock.”

“The bottle is the devil's crucible, and melts
all.”

“Character flies. Yes, it has wings; and, of
course the lighter it is, the quicker it goes.”

“Intellect: a new-fangled thing, just come
up, and the sooner it goes out the better.”

He said of New Zealanders:
“Very economical people; we only kill our
enemies—they eat 'em. We hate our faces to
the last; while there's no learning in the end
how Zealanders are brought to ruin 'em.”

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A PEER AT NORMANDY—DIEPPE—ROUEN—
FRANCE IN A PET—WHAT A BRITISH GOVERNMENT
WOULD FIND IT HARD TO DO—
A NEW METHOD OF SMUGGLING—THE EM-
PEROR AND THE POET.

Paris, April 29, 1898.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Never having visited Normandy—so famous for the richness of its pastures, and the superior size of its trees—I determined, on leaving London a few days ago, to return to Paris by way of Newhaven and Dieppe, in order to see this fine old province, and to get a look at the ancient churches of Rouen, which are among the most interesting antiquities of France.

Dieppe has grown, of late, into a fashionable watering-place, and boasts a population of 25,000 souls, principally English. A great influx of visitors takes place during the summer months, principally English also. The old town and harbor are ugly enough, but the new town, fronting the magnificent beach, consists of good, substantial, modern houses, principally hotels, which reap a ample harvest during the few fashionable months that their owners will hardly give themselves the trouble to quarter travelers during the rest of the year. Of the way in which the itinerant British are fleeced by their smiling allies, some idea may be formed from the fact that Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, who, with their niece and a few servants, were there last autumn for the benefit of Lord Lyndhurst's health, paid \$100 a week for their duration, the latter, though neat and comfortable, being anything but splendid, or even handsome. Add to this fundamental extortion in the charge of rooms, the corresponding "rise" of every species of provision, cab hire, &c., during the "season," and the thrifty visitors among your readers may compute, for their own edification and amusement, what must be the average outlay at such a place for a family desirous of profiting by the invigorating influences of the air of the French coast!

Just now, however, you may have room in the deserted hotels for almost what you choose to offer: excellent meat at 15 cts. per lb., and delicious butter at 15 cts. But the beach, with its glorious waves, and the *faisan*, (or down on the top of the cliffs) with their short elastic turf, their noble outlook over ocean and land, and their lavish sea-breezes, being abandoned of the gay world with its fripperies and crinolines—the semicircular "bazaar" with its range of green-faced shops named after each country of the world, and supposed to contain the products of the same, being shut up until the return of the birds of passage who patronize them—the vast "crystal-palace" sort of building made of iron and glass, which contains the promenade-hall, the "ball room," "concert room," and New Baths (the walls of the latter being, however, composed of materials not quite so ingenious as those of the rest of the building) left abandoned to the distant inspection of the waves that roll up to its feet twice a day, as though to see if any of the last year's gaudies still linger within—and the really fine library, with its shadowy length of books and sea-view, and its interesting collection of Roman and Gallic antiquities from the neighboring regions, being left to the sole enjoyment of the intelligent and courteous librarian, of course no one thinks it worth while to make a lengthened stay in Dieppe during this unfashionable period of the year.

In the course of my wanderings through the old town, having inspected the magnificent old church—almost a cathedral—of St. Jacques, whose exquisite traceries, quaint gargoyles, and storied archways are climbing beneath the ruthless touch of Time, I found myself in the market-place, a large square, in which the buyers and sellers meet in happy promiscuity, beneath the wide cope of heaven, with only movable tables for stalls. This method of transacting business in mutton, cabbage, cheese, and fresh eggs, may be very well—as it is certainly very picturesque—when the sun is shining; but on windy and rainy days, and when the snow is coming down in angry gusts from the north-looking sea, some sort of shelter would probably be preferable. The sun, however, was shining magnificently as I went through the crowd, and amused myself with watching the various motley groups, chattering over heaps of garlic, piles of east of cloths, heaps of ribbons and linens, cheese, fowls, fish, meat, and bread, which latter article of consumption is principally removed from the restraint of baker-shops, and to be found luxuriating in the fresh air and sunlight of the busy market-place of Dieppe. Formerly the women of Dieppe and all that Norman coast, were renowned for an odd but picturesque head-dress, surmounted by two picking flaps, like wings, which might be designated, with equal appropriateness as "the Cherub" or "the Butterfly-Cap." These astounding triumphs of the clear-starcher's art are made of white muslin, trimmed with lace, and kept in form over wires, which are known to exist, but do not appear: the winged parts surrounding the head, which is encased in something bearing a general resemblance to a "mob" of our great grandmothers. To my great sorrow, these archaic head-dresses are fast disappearing, and I looked in vain through the busy market-place, for a single apparition of my winged favorites. "Sic transit, &c."

But if I did not see the cap which the fair Dieppaises were once renowned, my eyes were greeted with the sight of an enterprising dealer in buttons and pins, whose appearance was a full compensation for the windy walk I had had to the market-square. That ingenious individual had completely draped himself in the interesting object in which he dealt, his blouse and trousers being covered over, in front, with papers of buttons, behind, with papers of pins. He also wore on his head a crown, neatly formed of paper of buttons, one of which formed a band round his forehead, while two others, attached at the ears, crossed the head, and were pinned up on the top into a representation of the centre jewel of a crown. The fellow's eloquence, and the assumption of dignity with which he expatiated on the beauty and value of his wares, turning himself about so as to make the pins and buttons glitter in the sun, had collected an immense crowd about him, and his treasures were going off in minute quantities,

but with a rapidity that promised to strip him speedily of his trappings, to the equal delight of himself and of his customers. A little farther on were a man and woman, perched up on a bench against the wall of a house at the side of the square, holding over their heads a huge cotton umbrella in very battered condition and singing ballads at the top of their voices, the man wearing a pair of enormous leaden spectacles that one could not look at without laughing. A crowd of gaping listeners surrounded the pair, and goals of merriment responded every now and then to the siren strains they were uttering with the aid of a dirty and ragged little song-book they held between them. And while these, and a dozen other candidates for public applause, were captivating their own particular audiences, fish-women, flower sellers, and dealers in every imaginable article were reading the air with their clamor—the old hags who sit beside great baskets with a few bunches of garlic and bay-leaves lost in their abysmal depths, being the most vociferous of all.

The sole manufacture of Dieppe consists of ivory carvings, for which it has long been famous. The principal street is lined with shops, whose windows are full of the loveliest specimens of this style of work, and very beautiful they are. Shelves with little Virgins in them, chessmen, books, knives, bracelets, brooches, goblets, vases, allumettes and bottle stands, candlesticks, boxes, parasol-handles, little figures of fishwomen, hoggars, pashas, and drinking groups, filigree work, bunches of flowers, to be affixed to slabs of marble for paper-weights, and a thousand other pretty things, most exquisitely carved, tempt the visitor, and bring in a good deal of money to the natives during the season when rich English visitors fill the place. Several meekers of figures in *terracotta* also deserve a visit; especially the shop of Maître Grillon, whose exquisite grapes carried off the Medal of Honor at the Paris Exhibition of 1889.

The railway from Dieppe to Rouen, as from Rouen to Paris, passes through a most beautiful and fertile country, abundantly worth a visit from the tourist in quest of the picturesque; the pasture are of a deep emerald green, that would not dishonor the shores which geologists tell us have been rent from them, at some indefinitely remote period of the past, on the opposite side of the channel. Just now the orchards—which, in Normandy, replace the vineyards to the south of Paris—are in full bloom; the woods are white with the wild plum and wild cherry; and the grass, especially in the orchards, is yellow with cowslips. In the meadows are buttercups, meadow-sweet, wild hyacinths, wild daffodils, narcissus, and daisies, the latter not quite so abundant as in England, but starting the deep green herbage with their brilliant disks, and giving something of an English look to the country. The cottages are mostly of *étien*, a mixture of sand, earth, and pebbles, which has the advantage of being very warm in winter, and equally cool in summer, and to which the people are so much attached that they persist in its use, although it cannot stand water, but melts away in an inundation like a lump of sugar in a tumbler of water. These habitations are thatched, have tiny little blinding windows, and look about 150 years behind the ordinary dwelling of the corresponding class in England. Carts, ploughs, and all the agricultural implements, methods, and arrangements, have the same unorthodox, primitive, and backward look. Even in the narrow section of country I had just traversed in England, I had seen numerous applications of steam to agricultural purposes: steam ploughs, steam threshers, &c. One can't even imagine such an innovation among the green, old-world, laxy-looking peasants of Normandy.

Rouen is a large manufacturing city, with unlimited suburbs, standing in the wide and beautiful valley of the Seine, surrounded with lovely fields, groves and orchards, through which rise the tall chimneys of the cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving establishments that render it so important a manufacturing centre. It contains 150,000 inhabitants, and is called "The French Manchester." Its English prototype contains between 300,000 and 400,000, and is such a solid mass of dark, smoky brick as forms a very different place from gay, light, cheerful-looking Rouen. Instead of being carried on in lofty fastnesses that almost shut out the daylight from one another, as in Manchester, the cotton manufacturer of Rouen is lodged in pleasant, villa-like mansions, standing for the most part, each in its own garden, the factories being principally scattered in the outskirts of the town. Very little coal, if any, is consumed either in the town or the neighborhood, and thus the place has a clean aspect which contrasts strikingly with the great age of most of the houses in the town.

The town itself is a labyrinth of narrow streets, bordered by lofty houses, from whose windows you could almost shake hands across the thoroughfare below; few of the streets can boast of side pavements, and a single gutter runs down their centre, the street shelving down to this gutter on either hand. Great numbers of the houses are built of plaster, with cross-beams, making fantastic patterns outside, in the style known in England as the Elizabethan. Of these, many are literally dripping with pieces, the authorities, anxious to get the old parts rebuilt, having forbidden the owners to repair them. As soon as the process of decay has gone so far as to endanger the standing of one of these relics of a time gone by, the authorities order its demolition, and the owner is obliged to pull it down, and to rebuild in modern fashion. The insecurity of these old buildings in case of fire renders it necessary that they should thus disappear; but one cannot think of the quaint old town being gradually replaced by a modern city, without regret. Uncomfortable and inconvenient as these old places may be, (and are, however much one dislikes to make the admission), one comes at every turn upon an old gateway, a bit of turret that has escaped the doom of its former neighbors and been built into a modern wall, or an old front not yet mouldered away, so picturesque, so full of light and shadow, and so vividly calling up the chequered memories of historic days, that one cannot but lament their a wretched disappearance.

The Cathedral, the noble Church of St. Ouen, and the beautiful carved ceilings of the halls of the old Palais de Justice, are among the finest

remains of ancient architecture in Europe. The former is now surrounded in part by the fine old square—some of whose house-fronts are treasures for the photographer—partly by a beautiful garden, formerly belonging to the monastery behind the church. The contrast between the gay blossoms of the lilacs and red-bud, and the dark, time-stained masses of carven stone still towering so proudly into the blue sky, was very striking. Inside the church, a gorgeous procession was celebrating the festival of St. Maur; the priests, in their lace and satin, were carrying a picture of the saint, all gliding and embroidery, hoisted on a tall pole. Some scores of chorister-boys, in their scarlet gowns and white surplices, of priests in black serge, with shaven crowns, (and some of them with most repulsive faces and big necks), the beadle in gold lace and cocked hat, with a sword at his side, and a troop of devout worshippers, principally women and children, parading round the church, and abounding, with an occasional note from the organ or the bass viol, made up a notable spectacle, and helped to transport one's thoughts to the days when such ceremonies were full of living meaning to the crowds of believing worshippers, and the sombre cathedral with its massive pillars, the windows with their storied paces, and "dim, religious light," and the priests with their power, their pride, and their exclusiveness, were the spontaneous products of the time.

The Seine runs through the city, and is crowded with small craft which the Rouennais like to fancy rival the congregation of the children of the ocean that ride at anchor in the heart of London. Round the town lofty hills rise in every direction, dotted over with handsome country-seats, covered with lilacs and apple trees, and commanding a glorious view for many a mile in every direction. If Dieppe abounds in carved ivory, and the outskirts of Rouen in cotton-goods, Rouen itself enjoys the reputation of making the best "apple-sugar" in existence; and happy is the boy or girl whose travelling friends bestir them of purchasing a few sticks of this coveted confectionary for their eager teeth!

The valley of the Seine being one of the loveliest in France, and that river winding like a snake throughout its length—so that you cross it, and come upon it, and go beside it, at short intervals throughout the route, it will readily be imagined that the ride is a charming one, and that you reach Paris enchanted with the beauty of the country through which you have passed.

The disposition of the French mind towards England, is anything but affectionate at this moment. The friends of the Empire are furious at the acquittal of Bernard; and its enemies being uncertain as to whether this acquittal ought not to be regarded as a "defiance" hurled in the face of the whole French people as well as of its Emperor, are by no means delighted therewith. But it may fairly be hoped that the Emperor—who knows the English people so well, that he must have felt beforehand that he had secured the acquittal of Dr. Bernard when he so judiciously suffered the hectoring of the French colonels to appear in the *Moniteur*—is too astute to allow his people to hurry him into a war with England, which he must be aware, though it would exalt him to a momentary popularity with those who now give him most trouble, would inevitably end in his own downfall; and it is very certain that angry as the British people have been at the unwise demonstrations of their ally, they would deplore a rupture with France as the greatest blow to both countries, and the most serious impediment to the world's progress that could occur. War with either France or the United States, would meet with such resistance on the part of the great body of the British people, that it may well be doubted whether any Government could gain the national consent to its declaration.

While the passport-nuisance is the object of so much angry feeling in England, and the stringent measures recently adopted are keeping thousands of English visitors at home, to the great loss and annoyance of Paris, the *Aigle du Midi* tells a good story of an ingenious method by means of which a lace-dealer of Brussels contrived, a few days ago, to "do" the agents of the French custom-house. This speculative individual procured a large number of pigeons, which he carefully packed in baskets, labelled to the address of his correspondent in Paris; each basket contained about forty pigeons, so closely packed as to be hardly distinguishable one from another, and among these twenty were dead, but so nicely fixed upon elastic spiral springs, that they could not be known from the living ones. These dead pigeons were stuffed with the richest Brussels, and the most delicate Malines, of which costly textures many thousands were thus smuggled into Paris, the illusion being so complete that the custom-house officials were taken in, and the baskets, with the leaden seals of the *Douane* duly attached, reached their destination ununsuspected.

Accounts of the rejoicings of the *Jours Grands* have ceased to figure in the meagrely-filled columns of the famished and muzzled journals of Paris; but a correspondent of the *Pays*, of this city, in describing the gaieties and frolics of the Russians—especially of the lower classes—during Easter, recounts the following anecdote. It appears that the Russians are very fond of joking, and sometimes go so far as to joke on dangerous topics: During the late festival, a young fellow who has a gift at verbiage-making, composed some satiric stanzas on the Emperor Alexander. These verses were printed, and reached the eye of the Emperor, who ordered the author to be searched out and brought to him, without his knowing whether he was being conveyed. The poor devil was soon discovered by the police, and was conveyed to the palace one afternoon at the hour when the members of the imperial family are accustomed to meet on intimate terms, and entirely without etiquette.

"I am aware that you have written some verses, and here they are," said the Emperor to the poet, as he was introduced into the imperial boudoir, where all the grand-dukes and grand-duchesses were assembled. "Poetry always gains by being read by its author," he continued, as he handed the poem to the author, "be so good as to read me your verses yourself." The poor rhymester was compelled to obey this command, and as his voice trembled a

good deal when he got to any particularly critical verse, the Emperor made him read such passages over a second time, pretending not to have understood him. When the reading was terminated, the Emperor quietly remarked, "You have a good deal of talent, and you will do well to go on writing. Meantime, I thank you for the amusement you have procured me." The unhappy poetster could hardly believe his ears, having looked on a visit to Siberia as the very mildest doom awaiting him. But, happily, the road to Siberia, since the accession of Alexander II., has only been followed by those who are returning from it—to venture on a rather Hibernian mode of expression, which, however, expresses a fact highly honorable to the present ruler of all the Russias. According to the same writer, a Russian in whose presence an ardent admirer of the present ruler was giving vent to his hero-worship, remarked, "You may be very enthusiastic for his present majesty, but you cannot deny that the late Emperor did a vast deal for the happiness of Russia."

"In what respect?" demanded the admirer of his sovereign. "He has given us Alexander!" replied the other.

QUANTUM.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Niagara brings Liverpool advices to the effect that the House of Commons passed a second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, by forty majority.

On the 5th, in reply to an inquiry, Mr. D'Irrell said that no revision of the commercial relations of Turkey had taken place since the war, but that one would probably soon commence. He also stated, in reply to an inquiry of Mr. Bright, as to the proclamation of the Governor-General of India, confederating the soil of Oude, that the Government had sent out a dispatch disapproving of the policy of the Governor-General in this matter, in every respect.

The bill abolishing the property qualifications for members of Parliament, was debated and passed to a second reading, amidst great cheering. The question is regarded as an important one in Parliamentary reform, and meets with general support.

In the House of Lords, Lord Ebury moved for a commission to consider the propriety of modifying the liturgy of the Church of England, and subsequently withdrew his motion.

On the 7th, in the House of Lords, Lord Ebury produced a copy of the Governor-General of India's proclamation, and the Government dispatch in condemnation of the Governor's action.

Lord Cranville deprecated the production of the dispatch, and defended Lord Canning, predicting that he would not submit to the affront.

The Earl of Derby defended the action of the Government, stating that they felt bound to object to the sweeping confiscation of the landed property in Oude, which Lord Canning had proclaimed.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer reported that there was a perfect agreement between Great Britain and Sardinia, with respect to the great to be taken for the solution of the present difficulty. That agreement, however, did not imply that everything had been arranged. The Government had included in their representations the crew of the Cagliari.

The subject of the Government of India was taken up, and further progress made on the resolutions proposed by the Government.

The Times is authorized to state that Sir Colin Campbell is to be created a Peer, in consequence of his distinguished services.

The Court of Queen's Bench refused the application of the British Bank Directors for a new trial. Lord Campbell said that the jury were justified in their verdict. All the facts of the case were uncontradicted, and he sincerely hoped that the prosecution would have a salutary effect upon commercial transactions.

At the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in London, a resolution was unanimously adopted to disseminate, as far as possible, Scriptural instruction in India.

At the Queen's Drawing-room, Mr. Dallas presented to the Queen, Mrs. Charles Amory and daughter, of Boston, and Mrs. Baldwin and daughter, of Boston. Mr. Dallas presented Mr. George Durr, of New York, Professor Alexander, United States Commissioner of International Commerce, and Lieutenant U. S. Boyd, commanding the Marines of the U. S. frigate Niagara.

The London Times, in its city article, has some lengthy remarks on the extension of the United States southward, and says in effect, that the absorption of the weaker republics of Central and South America by the United States cannot be long delayed, should America now pursue the course that seems imminent. The change, as regards the English interest, assuming that she will honestly provide for the existing debts of the various States in question, cannot but be a great improvement upon their present position. The writer thinks that far more opposition will be shown to the extension as home than abroad.

The long projected European and American Submarine Telegraph Company in the Azores, were about issuing proposals for laying their cable.

The Army and Navy Club had given a banquet to the Duke of Malakoff, at which the most amiable feelings were evinced. The Duke proposed as a toast: "The imperishable union of the armies and navies of England and France."

A meeting of one hundred and twenty-five Liberals (members of the House of Commons) had been held, and adopted resolutions declaring that they could not express satisfaction with the Government; that no future Government will be worthy of support which does not manifest an earnest zeal and sincerity in providing measures of improvement and reform, and that every Government wishing to have the support of the Liberal party should be established on a wider basis.

The Bank of England had made no change in the rate of discount. The overflow of bullion to France had checked the expectation. The demand for discounts had subsided and applications were very light.

INDIA.—Full detail of the scenes following the fall of Lucknow are published.

The son of one of the Begums and two or three ladies of the Zemins, were killed by a discharge of musketry, when the doors were burst open, before the soldiers saw that they were women. The plunder and destruction of property seems to have been immense. The troops had been exposed to great labor before the city. Strong measures were at last taken to preserve order in the city and prevent plunder. It was expected that 3,000 men would have to be left to garrison Lucknow.

Symptoms were observable of a gathering cloud in the northwest, and preventive measures were urged, for fear of a sudden outbreak of the Sikhs.

Sir James Outram had issued a proclamation declaring that the British Government had no intention to carry on an armed propaganda, and was believed, among the natives; and the Governor-General had issued a proclamation, promising rewards to those who had been faithful, and calling on others to submit and throw themselves on the mercy of the British Government. He confiscated all the estates of the latter, but promises that their lives shall be spared if they are not guilty of shedding murder blood.

The *Pays* says affirming that, in a private despatch, Sir Conn Campbell has urged the demand large and immediate reinforcements,

on account of the great losses his army has sustained by sickness and the enemy's fire. The *Pays* says that, notwithstanding the taking of Lucknow, Oude is still in full insurrection and rebels, instead of being trodden out, extend daily.

FRANCE.—The Emperor is expected to pay a ten days' visit to Brittany in July.

The commission appointed to consider the claims of Professor Morse has recommended that the Government should give him 400,000 francs for the use of his system in France.

Trade in France continued to show symptoms of improvement. Increased orders from the United States had reached Lyons.

There were rumors of a new Senate Constitution touching the press.

A prominent supporter of Carnegiac's Government had left Paris to remain away until after the elections were over, and it was surmised that his departure was not voluntary.

Paris letters state that the Emperor, at a reception, and rebuked one of the Deputies for expressing himself strongly in opposition to the Government plans in the Legislature, and that the incident was much spoken of.

The anniversary of the death of Napoleon had been celebrated in Paris with imposing religious ceremonies.

The Queen of Holland was on a visit to Napoleon.

Belgium.—The Paris correspondent of the Times says that the Belgian Government is very active in all that relates to the army and defenses of the country.

Spain.—A despatch from Paris says that a despatch from Madrid, dated Friday, the 7th, 4 P. M., announces that the Cortes have been suddenly and definitely postponed. Some of the Ministers have tendered their resignations.

NAPLES.—Advices from Naples say that the import and export duties are about to undergo a considerable reduction. A maximum duty of 25 per cent. of their value will be levied upon all goods imported.

Several fresh shocks of earthquakes, causing much damage, had occurred.

PORTUGAL.—It is reported that the vine disease had again shown itself in Portugal.

The elections had resulted largely in favor of the Government candidates.

The new Queen of Portugal was on a visit to the Queen of England.

Denmark.—A letter from Copenhagen states that the preliminary work for the construction of four large coast batteries, forming the first part of the work destined to defend Copenhagen, has been commenced.

Russia.—Details of the arrangements for the abolition of serfdom are published.

Letters report serious risings among the serfs in some localities, and the interpretation of the military to restore order.

THE MARKETS.—From the Brokers' Circular.—The cotton market remained buoyant as at the departure of the North American, and prices of all qualities were at an advance of 14 per pound on quotations carried out by the Persia on the 1st of May.

Richardson, Spence & Co., say that cotton has a declining tendency, and the advance on the week is partially lost.

Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., report four with a declining tendency, quotations being hardly maintained.

Messrs. Bigland, Althys & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co., Jas. McHenry, and others, reported that heavy, with a light decline on all qualities. Pork remains firm, all the stock here being in second hands. Holders consequently demand an advance to the extent of 15 cts. 6d.

Beacon firm; short middles have advanced 15 cts., and are selling for 50 1/2 cts. The old stock is being re-shipped to America. Lard firm, at 57 cts. for choice lots. Tallow quiet at 55 cts. for North American. Cheese firm, with a small advance on all qualities.

The Brokers' and other circulars report Ashes quiet, at a trifling decline, both Poles and Paris selling at 38 1/2 cts. Sugar firm at an advance on all grades, but chiefly on the fine. Molasses active and buoyant. Coffee quiet. Rice dull and quotations maintained with difficulty. Carolina sells at 20 1/2 cts. Tea and little inquired for and prices weak.

Tin has advanced 5 cts. on the English sort. Spirits of Turpentine firm at 42 cts.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The London money market was generally unchanged. The bullion in the Bank of England had decreased £306,000. Consols closed on Friday at 97 1/2 for money, and 97 1/2 for account.

A body named Temple, who is well known in the fashionable regions of Belgravia, has discovered a remedy for stuttering. It is simply the act of reading in a whisper, and gradually augmenting the whisper to a louder tone.

Tennyson has added about one hundred and fifty lines to "Maud," explanatory of the plot, and restored the "Charge of the Light Brigade" to something like its former reading. The alterations will be found only in the last blue and gold edition of his poems.

Two young persons in Illinois, recently desired to marry, but the girl's mother wouldn't consent, and she being of age, the gentleman sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the mother was compelled to bring the daughter into court. The judge asked the girl whether she wanted to marry Smith? She said "Yes," and he married them.

A horticulturist advertised that he would supply all sorts of trees and plants, especially "pie-plants of all kinds." A gentleman thereupon sent him an order for "one package of custard-pie seed, and a few dozen of mince-pie plants." The gardener promptly filled the order by sending him four goose eggs and a small dog.

The extent of the territory and variety of the climate of the United States, may be realized in the fact that in certain parts of Texas the wheat crop is now ready for the scythe, while at the North it is just beginning to grow.—*Exchange Paper*.

It is rumored that Mr. Barry, the American horse-lamer, uses a file of Congressional speeches to subdue the refractory animal put under his charge. After reading about a quarter of an hour, the quadruped gives in, and promises an entire amendment of morals and manners if he will only stop.

A little girl was sitting by the window, one evening, during a violent thunder storm, apparently striving to grapple some proposition too strong for her childish mind. Presently, however, a smile of triumph lit up her features, as she exclaimed:—"Oh, I know what makes the lightning: it's God fighting his lamps and throwing the matches down here!"

Voltaire had an actor named Paulin, at Ferney, who played the tyrant in his private theatricals. Voltaire slept very little, and passed half the night in making changes in his pieces. About three o'clock one morning, he woke up his servant, and ordered him to carry it to the actor. "But, sir," said the servant, "the poor man isn't up at this time!" "Go to him!" cried the poet, "immediately—tyrants never sleep."

We require four things for woman—that virtue dwell in her heart, that modesty play on her brow, that sweetness flow from her lips, and industry occupy her hands.—*Chinese Maxim*.

Henry Ward Beecher is great at taking up collections. At the old John Street Church, on one occasion, they wanted to make an extra raise. Mr. Beecher eloquently addressed the new converts, and finally asked those who had experienced religion in that church to hold up their right hand. Nearly all the right hands were raised instantaneously up. "Now," says Mr. Beecher, "put that hand in your pocket when the plate is passed round."

Spiggles says, that, although there is no such thing as muzzling the press in this country, there is a plenty of book muzzles.

A young gentleman having made some progress in acquiring a knowledge of Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in his purest accent. He was astonished at receiving the following response—"I no speak Ingles."

This truth came borne with him and fell, I felt it, when I sorrowed most, "Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all.

—*Tramway*.

A witness was called to the stand to give his testimony. Having taken his place, he turned to the counsel at the bar, and, before testifying, very earnestly made the inquiry, "Say, stranger, which side am I on?"

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

Some one anxious to ascertain whether Kean was or was not a classical scholar, wrote to him for benefit tickets in Latin. "And how did he construe it?" asked R—, who heard the story. "Into an insult," was the reply.

Women who are too forward in offering their services to men soon find themselves under their feet.—*Mme. de La Fayette*.

Holy sleep! For this reason has man likened thee unto Death. In one minute thou pourest more of the waters of Death over the tablet of sorrowing man's memory, than the wakefulness of the longest day. And then thou coolest the inflamed, tumultuous breast, and man arises, again worthy of the morning sun. Be to me blessed, until thy dreamless brother comes, who still more beautifully and much longer becalms.—*Richer*.

Between two young and pretty women there can be no sincere friendship. Can two merchants who have the same stuff to sell become good neighbors?—*Nines*.

SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.—This body, which assembled in Montgomery, Alabama, on the 10th instant, adjourned on the 14th, to reassemble at Vicksburg in May of next year. The resolutions in relation to reopening the slave trade were laid upon the table, and ordered to be printed. Resolutions calling upon the Governors of the Southern States to appoint delegates to a convention to take into consideration "the present critical position of the South, and the dangers that threaten her in the future, and to endeavor to devise, if possible, effectual safeguards for her future security and equality in the Union, or failing in that, to go out of it," were also laid upon the table.

REPORTS OF OUTRAGES IN KANSAS.—Accounts from Kansas continue to report outrages and robberies, by Montgomery's band. It is stated that three hundred families were driven out of Lyon County. Montgomery holds a captain's commission under Gen. Lane. It is understood that the band have a written pledge, under which they are sworn to drive all pro-slavery settlers out of the Territory, and to break up the land sales of July next. They are also reported to have said that unless Governor Denver withdraws the troops from Fort Scott they will proceed to Lecompton and hang him.

THE SEIZURE OF THE BANK ADRIATIC.—REPRESS DEMANDS FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.—Washington, May 21.—Mr. Burlingame, of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, has ready a report, unanimously adopted by that body, calling upon the President to make the necessary inquiries into the recent seizure of the bank Adriatic while lying in a French port, and bring the same to the notice of the Emperor's Government. He is also instructed to obtain redress for the wrong done, and a guarantee against similar occurrences for the future.

FURTHER FROM UTAH.—Col. Kane at Fort Leavenworth.—Abdication of Brigham Young.—ST. LOUIS, May 20.—The steamer John H. Dickey, from Fort Leavenworth, has arrived, with dates to the 17th instant. Her officers state that Col. Kane and the Abbe Gilbert arrived at that place on Sunday last. Gilbert states that Brigham Young has abdicated his post as Governor, and that Gov. Cummings was, at the last date, only 30 miles from Salt Lake City, accompanied by a detachment of 50 Mormons, sent out to meet him and escort him into the city.

LANDING OF A PARTY OF ENGLISH MARINES.—INSULT TO THE SPANISH FLAG.—The steamship Black Warrior, from Havana, brings reports that a party of marines from an English cruiser had landed at one of the Cuban outposts, and ransacked the plantations in search for *Brazils* negroes. The captain of the ship and had been ordered to Havana for trial for not having heeded the invasion and insult to the Spanish flag.

RIOT AT POTTSVILLE.—The miners of the Asaand coal district at Pottsville, Pa., having struck for higher wages, stopped operations by force at other collieries in the vicinity on May 24. Matters began to look so serious that the military were called out, who arrested the ring-leaders, which restored order.

DEATH OF QUAKERISM.—An English gentleman, who is reported to remark that although the population of Great Britain has more than doubled itself during the last half century, the members of the Society of Friends have diminished in number, offering a prize of 100 guineas for the best and one of 50 for the next best essay, explanatory of the causes of this change. Three able independent arbitrators have undertaken to pronounce judgment on the essays, viz. Professor Marriot, of London; Professor J. F. Nichol, of Glasgow; and the Rev. E. S. Pryce, of Gravesend, Kent.

We learn from one of the delegates to the O. S. Presbyterian General Assembly, at New Orleans, that he accompanied about one hundred of the delegates from Cairo to New Orleans, and as they did not think it proper, as Christian ministers and elders, to travel on the Sabbath, they paid the officers of the steamer five hundred dollars to lay over during the day at Lake Providence, Louisiana.

JOHN WATSON, rate of the county of Prines Edward, Va., by will, emancipated his slaves, about sixty in number, and gave them some \$20,000 in money, to take them to Liberia. At the late Circuit Court one of these slaves, Oney, aged 57, filed a petition setting forth his desire to choose an owner, whereupon the court took the necessary steps, according to law, to gratify Caesar.

THE KANSAS LAND SALES have been postponed to November 1st and 15th.

THE ST. PETERS (Min.) Free Press announces the capture of In-*pa-sa-sa*, whose band committed a number of brutal murders in the southern part of Minnesota during last summer.

GRANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

SLIDING DOWN A MOUNTAIN.

The end of my last letter left the doctor and myself standing under the portico of the Mount Church, and looking down upon a grand view. Here is what we saw: the clouds having driven by and a bright sun taken their place. We looked down from this elevation of 2,000 feet and saw the whole of the island. The town, and the sea, and the shipping floating upon it, and the neighboring islands washed by its restless breast were all at our feet.

There were the numerous hills which we had mounted with so much labor, piling one upon the other until they reached our feet. Their rich sides cultivated like one immense garden, dotted here and there by hamlets or isolated houses; while dense groves of shade and fruit-trees continued the landscape. Near the sea was the town we had left, with its narrow streets, its frowning forts, its massive cathedrals, and its palace-like private residences; many of which with their expensive grounds covered more than an acre of ground. Then in front of the town there was "Loe Rock" washed by its incessant surf, and with "Loe Castle" towering over its perpendicular sides. While in the open roadstead there were thirty sail of shipping, and far away to the southward, the misty and imperfectly defined horizon joining with the overcast and uncertain sky. It was difficult to say where the sea ended and where the sky commenced—like the mind straining into futurity, the eye lost itself in dim and vain imaginings.

We were now in the region of clouds. Those hills rising one upon the other at length formed a mountain. The slope of this mountain was one immense 30,000 acre tract of highly cultivated land, and its broken ridges—highly yet lowered thousands of feet above us—was composed of rocky crests and black-looking ravines. The highest peak of these mountains is said by Captain Wilkes, U. S. N., to be over 6,000 feet above the level of the sea.

While we were admiring this grand view, we were totally unconscious of a storm that was gathering in our rear. We were awakened to our danger by a score of plaintive, whining voices, some were in broken-English, others in Portuguese. I put them all in the former, to be understood. Here they commenced—

"My good gentlemen! a copper! a copper!" whined a very ragged and generally shabby-looking old woman, who would have seemed an object of real charity had it not been for a bad twinkle of her left eye.

"My great gentlemen! a copper for charity!" chimed in an equally dilapidated old man, as he held out one handless arm and crossed the other over his bare breast.

These two evidently "hunted in couples." They frowned lowering upon the more youthful members of the crowd, and were always in the van.

"Handsome gentlemen! good gentlemen! money! money! money!" urged a dozen or more ragged, and dirty, and rascally-looking adults and children of both sexes.

"Gentlemen, give money to drink!" supplanted Maria and his heretofore silent companion.

"Gentlemen, you ride down in sledge!" queried two athletic-looking mountaineers, as they closed in upon us with affectionate curiosity.

"Get out of this, you rascally pack!" almost screamed the doctor, brandishing his cotton umbrella; "I'll knock some of you down. Clear out!"

"Come! let's go into the church!" I said, knocking at the closed door.

"Bum-by, gentlemen!" said one of the mountaineer sledge-men. "Wait minute!"

Of course we complied with his suggestion, and were shortly rewarded by hearing the noise of the key.

"There he is!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Maybe it's a she!" returned I.

"No, it's a he!" he insisted, as the door opened and showed us a short, stout man, dressed very much like one of the outside vagabonds, and looking like a great rascal instead of like the quiet priest we had expected to see. He subsequently proved to be the keeper of a neighboring Palperis, with whom the keys were left while the priests were away. These latter we saw nothing of, but were informed that they were very poor, and that they only came to the church upon feast or other service days.

We stepped gingerly in through the open door upon the massive stone flooring, and looked around us with an air of alarmed curiosity. We had previously agreed to affect wonder and astonishment at everything we saw, and we succeeded admirably—especially at preserving our countenances. The excited crowd—every one of whom seemed to be a guide—grew more excited still. Each one seemed to have said to himself—"Ah! these green strangers are struck with astonishment—I will work upon that feeling until it produces a shilling!"

"Here San Antonio!" exclaimed one, more eager than his fellows, before we had arrived within twenty feet of a life-sized image of wood, painted and clothed in the gaudy manner peculiar to Chinese and Romish Saints, and reposing in one of several niches. "Here San Antonio!"

"It can't be!" ejaculated the doctor, in a tone of wondering, half-doubting inquiry.

"San Antonio! San Antonio!" insisted the crowd.

"San Antonio!" I repeated, with an incredulous shake of the head. "Not San Antonio!"

"No San Antonio!" queried one of the male adults. "Suppose he no San Antonio, you cut me head off." This fellow was actually violent and nervous of our unbelief, and threw his arms about and gesticulated in a most vehement manner.

"San Antonio!" I repeated, in a tone of unwilling conviction.

"Yes! yes! San Antonio! San Antonio!" piled in the crowd eagerly.

We passed slowly on, gazing around us in continued, gazing wonder.

"Here Mary!" yelled the crowd, stopping before a second image.

"Here Mary!" sang out an isolated beggar

strenuously, pointing to a third image in a corner almost hidden. "I dreamed that there were two Marys. I slipped half way between them and gaped from one to the other. The isolated beggar looked—sure of his shilling: the less advanced crowd frowned upon him as upon a traitor who had taken an unfair advantage of his party.

"Yes!" I said, in bad Portuguese. "Yes! they are both 'Mary.' They are so much alike each other. They must have been made by a man who knew Mary!"

The crowd shrugged its shoulders in acquiescent doubt. One only, more intelligent than the others, glanced at me curiously.

I only wonder that they all did not discover me, for the first Mary had red hair, a snub nose, and a squat figure, (I use the expression most adapted to her appearance,) while Mary No. 2 was tall and slender, dark haired and long nosed. Two more unlike Marys could not have been found in a year's walk.

"All stiller!" suddenly vociferated an excited beggar, pointing to a massive lamp that hung in front of "Mary No. 2."

"All lead!" I objected, with the indignant air of one just discovering that he was being humbugged. This objection was greeted by a perfect torrent of derision, followed by vehement protestations to the contrary. I noticed that one of the sledge-men protected himself into a profuse perspiration.

"Siller! siller! All siller!" urged some.

"Lead! He calls it lead! Phew!" sneered the others.

"All gold!" I queried, simply as if convinced of my error, and pointing to a heavy column of carved gilt-work near by.

"No! no! not gold!" Acknowledged the crowd, smiling at our simplicity. "Some gold: not all!"

Here I again caught the eye of "the intelligent one." He had evidently made up his mind as to the state of affairs. He slapped his palm violently upon his right leg, spun around twice, and laughing boisterously, informed the crowd that we were quizzing them; whereupon said crowd looked confusedly small, and let us end the examination in quiet. When we had seen a very large altar surmounted by a very small image of our blessed Saviour, and flanked by several other images of apparently primary importance, we returned to the Porch. I could not but wonder that men could read the Bible and see where the human race is told—"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I could not but wonder, I say, that men could read that direct invitation, and yet think it necessary to call in "third persons" to intercede for them for things which are thus freely offered. This, however, is not "sliding down a mountain"—and, perhaps, a little out of place in THE POST.

We returned to the Porch, when the owner of the Palperis hurriedly looked the door and hastened to—hold out his hand.

"No change!" I replied, holding out the same attractive half-eagle and then returning it to my pocket with a regretful shrug.

Dismay and consternation spread through the expectant group. The "aged couple" trembled with anxious doubt as they followed us toward the horses.

"He says he has no change!" they cried despairingly.

Suddenly a bright idea seemed to strike the "intelligent one." He left us on a run in the direction of the Palperis, and before we had gained the horses was again at our side—breathless. He had gone for change.

"Here change!" he exclaimed breathlessly, and in astonishingly fair English.

"Clear out!" shouted the doctor, with a threatening sweep of his heavy umbrella. "I suppose, however," he added, "I suppose we must give them something."

"How much?" I asked.

"Oh! a half dollar among the crowd."

So I took \$4.50 from the "breathless-one," gave him the half-eagle in exchange, and informed the crowd that the difference was theirs. Their delight knew no bounds. The "aged couple" immediately fraternized with the "breathless-one," frowning rebuffingly upon the equally anxious adults. We now succeeded in leaving them behind—like the Siberian wolves whose pursuit was checked by meat thrown from the flying sleigh, they stopped to fight over the tempting prize. Just as we reached the horses, however, we were attacked in another quarter. Our two "mountaineers"—the breathless one and friend—almost ran over us with a two-seated basket-sleigh, into which they urged us to get, and be slid down the mountain.

"Yes! that's very fine!" said the doctor. "You want to break our necks. Confound you!"

I looked at the establishment and saw a regular "sleigh-basket" fastened securely upon two long iron runners, to the forward ends of which were fastened a stout hide thong about six feet long. With these thongs they hauled the sleigh over level places, and "held-back" with them when going down steep hills. When bringing it back from the town to their elevated habitation, they put it bodily upon their shoulders. Usually they ran along, one holding on to each side of the sleigh and shoving, or holding-back upon the thongs, as was necessary. One of "the men" had twice come down in one of these years since, and as the feat was a thing of every-day occurrence, we finally concluded to "try it," in spite of the deep ravines which existed at some of the short turnings.

"We will go slow when we get to those turns," I said.

"I should think so!" replied the doctor.

We little knew how poorly our mountaineers were going to understand our directions. Those fellows who could speak English so well when they said—"Here change!"

Behold us seated. The no longer "breathless-one" on one side, his friend on the other, and one of the "male adults" behind to push, or hold back, as might be necessary. This "extra-hand," the doctor remarked jocosely, "was attached behind to hold back his extra 70 pounds he supposed." Behold also the steep, smooth road under us, rendered even more slippery than usual by the late rain. Behold as "setting" ourselves for the start. And finally behold us gleefully moving at first, and then steaming along with break-neck velocity.

"Whoop! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the de-

lighted, possessor of flesh and animal spirits.

"Whoop! Come on with the horses, Maria. By Jove! this is grand!"

"Whoop! Go it you cripples!" (They were anything but cripples,) I joined in. "Whoop, hurrah!" And at the same time I attracted the attention of the again "breathless-one" through the instrumentality of a pin's point (the power of which I had previously tested upon my own hand, and which I held tightly to ensure its not annoying him beyond what it had me,) carefully applied upon a safe surface.

"Oh, Caramba!"

"Go it, John. The other fellow is ahead of you."

"Oh, no good! no good! How can? Suppose fall down!"

This diversion of the breathless-one's attention from its legitimate occupation, added to the doctor's extra 70 pounds upon the opposite side, came very near resulting in an upset. We happened to be just at the foot of the first hill then, however, and halted in safety; the last ten yards being accomplished sideways—crab-like!

"Gentlemen, go die way or dat!" asked "John," rubbing himself and pointing as he said, "dat," to a fork of the road, which crossed the head of a neighboring ravine, and reached the town by another route. I felt quite ashamed of myself as he thus rubbed himself so good naturedly after my attack, and inwardly resolved to reward him with an extra shilling. Had I known that his good humor was only assumed to swindle us out of treble fare, and that he was soon going to curse us lustily because we would only pay double what we had bargained for, I should probably have taken advantage of said forced good-humor to put in the pin a little deeper.

"Gentlemen better go new way!" suggested Maria, as he came within hail, and imagined the cause of the stoppage; "we carry horses 't'other side."

We waited for our adviser to come up; understood fully what he meant; saw the beauty of it; and got out to let the sledge men shoulder the sledge and carry it to the opposite ridge. We followed in their tracks, returned our seats, and made a fresh start. This time our sledge-men took off their mosses-like boots—"to make no slip," as they expressed it—and intimated that we were to expect a "two-forry" pace. They fulfilled their promise, and we fairly whizzed. Burthened peasants, staggering down the steep road under their monstrous bundles of brush-like firewood; ragged children and barking dogs, that rushed from the road-side huts, attracted by the shouts of excitement which we both gave vent to: all respectfully "cleared the track" before our rushing descent.

"Whoop! whoop! hurrah!" Get out of the way! Clear the track!" we shouted, in wild roisterations.

There was something so excitingly bracing in the rapid whirl, and we were yet in the country, and no decorum was violated.

"Look out for that turn! Hold up, you spalpeens!" I cautioned, a little nervously.

"Poco-a-Poco, (slowly, slowly,) John! Poco-a-Poco! you vagabonds!" joined in the doctor, energetically.

But "John" had been over that road in safety too often to heed the caution. We went, if anything, a little faster, as we whirled around the gradual curve.

"Must stop now, gentlemen," panted the breathless-one, as we reached the bottom of another hill, and found a short, level space, over which projected the straw roof of a dirty-looking Palperis. "Must stop, now! You want something drink!"

"Confound your drinks!" I replied. "You want us to pay for you to drink. That's what you are after."

"Velly well, gentlemen!" assented to, with such a smile.

"Ay-de-mi!" signed the opposite mountaineer, by way of exciting pity.

"Phew! phew! phew!" blew the pusher, faintly, toward the same end. A school of porpoises would now have been put to the blush by the violent and irregular puffing which ensued. They were evidently working for a drink.

"How they blow!" exclaimed the doctor, condolingly.

This was all they required. A wounded whale could not now have out-blown them. They turned red in the face, perspired profusely, fanned themselves languidly, and finally—got their drink. They now asked for a half dollar to pay for it. We knew that the country liquor they had drank could be bought at six cents the bottle, and consequently felt angry.

"A half dollar!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Why, that is just what we are to pay you for sleighing us down."

The whole-like breathing was now all over. The end had been gained, and their breath was now used to convince us that we were not being swindled.

"Come! go ahead!" exclaimed the doctor, now really indignant. "None of your humbug!"

Again we took our seats and continued the descent. A half mile more and we were at the edge of the town, where the inclination of the streets was no longer great enough to admit of sleighing. We got out, climbed upon a low wall, looked over the roofs of some low houses, and saw our horses approaching at a trot, with Maria and friend running along with the bridles. The saddles were now well dry again, so giving our swindlers the half dollar agreed upon, plus a shilling to the pusher, we mounted and rode for the beach. Now it was that our mountaineers came out in their true colors. They had begged so frantically to use their sledges. We promised them fifty cents in return. We had paid them that, besides a similar amount for beer and a shilling to the boy, and now they followed us with their imprecations and their curses. Had we been so disposed, we might have had them taken up by the police, but I remembered the pin, and rode on. I only wished that I had put it in a little deeper. As we turned a corner they were still abusing us—"Ah!" I thought to myself, "what a strange thing Mademoiselle-beggar-human-nature is."

"Here's a dollar for your horse, Maria. Tomorrow we are going to ride to the 'Corral.' I shan't want this one again; his stop is too

long, and his back has too much spread. Meet us with horses on the beach when you see the boat coming, and we'll take our pick. Good morning, my dejected pedestrian."

Hold on! here's a sixpence for the chestnut switch." We passed again through the surf, and had our "dinner and tea in one."

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

BY MARK LEMON.

The solemn words are said, "Let the sea receive the dead!"

In its vast unfathomed bed, until Time shall be no more."

The frothing of a wave! and the good, the kind, the brave,

In his ocean grave—all his storms of life are o'er.

His matesmate stare with eyes of dull and long surprise,

That where their comrade lies not a trace should now be seen;

The waves still roll and leap o'er the chamber of his sleep,

Down, down, in the great deep, as though he had never been.

His matesmate walk away, and in hoarse whispers say,

"God rest him!" So they pray. Who doubts their prayer is heard?

When seated at their meal they find one face the less;

Each shows his kind distress, though he does not speak a word.

Some think that when again they cross that restless main,

They'll look and look in vain for their matesmate's place of rest;

And some will sadly sigh, and wish that when they die

In churchyard they may lie with those they have loved long and best.

Death will not come and go without his fitting woe—

Methinks 'tis doubly so when he meets us on the sea:

The World is then so small, a Ship contains it all—

The dead man 'neath the pall! How large a part was he.

A PARISIAN STORY.

A young soldier of four-and-twenty, a lieutenant of artillery, has just married a banker's daughter, with 500,000 francs of dowry.

Lieutenant of artillery! Not a bad rank. Napoleon had the honor to bear it, and the grace to remember it.

At the Conference of Erfurt, during that congress of Emperors and Kings, became the simple satellites of Napoleon—one day at table they were speaking of the old Germanic Confederation, and especially of the famous Golden Bull of Rome. Its date was asked. There was a moment of silence; no one remembered it.

Napoleon spoke: "1356."

"What, sir?" cried a courtier king: "you know our history so well! When has your majesty found time to study it?"

"When I was a lieutenant of artillery," said the emperor.

The words produced a singular effect among those princes all born to the thrones. Napoleon perceived it, and repeated—

"When I had the honor to be a lieutenant of artillery."

Well, although the grade is a nice one, our lieutenant of artillery did not think it enough to win the hand of Mademoiselle —; so he had never dreamed of asking it. But one day he was followed by an elderly gentleman, tall, thin, and blessed with a large pointed nose. This person followed him into the Gymnase Theatre, seated himself beside him, and drew him into conversation. The acquaintance was made. The long-nosed man visited him at his quarters, offered friendship, and one fine day said—

"I am interested in you—have a lively friendship for you. I must have you married."

"Nice proof of friendship," said the officer, laughing.

"My dear friend, there are marriages and marriages. What would you say to 500,000 francs of dowry, with expectations?"

The officer ceased laughing. In brief, the long-nosed man introduced him at the banker's. The officer pleased the daughter. The father shrugged his shoulders when a marriage was spoken of; but the man of the nose gave such excellent accounts of the young soldier, covered up his wild oats, exaggerated so well his merit and his virtues, had so many resources and ingenious stratagems at hand, that—the marriage soon took place. The lieutenant was astonished at such singular devotion, such a warmth of friendship. The day after the wedding, the long-nosed man called to see him.

"My dear friend," said the bridegroom, "I shall never forget what you have done for me. I shall always hold you in remembrance. My wife is charming; I am desperately in love with her."

"And the dowry?"

"That spoils nothing. But fancy my happiness! I would gladly have wedded without that."

"Come, come! no nonsense. What should I have done?"

"How—you?"

"You speak of remembering me—"

"Oh! Can I have the pleasure of rendering you pecuniary service?"

"Certainly. A service for which I will give you a receipt. You will do me the kindness to pay these acceptances, signed by you, amounting to sixty-three thousand six hundred and eighty-two francs, sixty-five centimes, interest and expenses included. I could have arrested you, or attached your pay, which would have cancelled the debts in about three or four thousand francs. I preferred to have you married. Was it not better?"

The lieutenant came down from the clouds. This friend, benefactor, was not an angel, only a creditor!

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare.

And he who has one enemy shall meet him every-where.

FIRST LOVE AND FIFTH HUSBAND.

The Bucyrus (Ohio) Journal gives the following romantic history of a marriage which it publishes:—

Twelve years ago the bride was a young lady of twenty, the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Washington, Pa. In her father's employ was a young man named Robert —, who, the young lady being bewitchingly beautiful, as in duty bound, fell desperately in love with her. She reciprocated the attachment, and they were betrothed. Unfortunately, the young lady's father entered his protest against this pleasant arrangement, and accordingly the happy couple put off the happy day indefinitely. About a year afterwards she received a most tempting proposal, which, urged by her father, she accepted, and, to the eternal despair of poor Robert, was married. But also for the poor bridegroom! Scarcely three months had elapsed when a kick from a vicious horse killed him. Robert consoled the widow, and determined, at the end of a year or two, to marry her. He had too much respect for her to press his suit immediately, and did not for fifteen months, when he proposed. To his horror, she informed him that she was already engaged, and that in three months more her second marriage would be consummated.

Two years passed. In the meantime the widow and her husband removed to Syracuse, N. Y., and Robert, possessed by some strange hallucination, followed them. That season the cholera swept that city, and among its victims was the second husband. Robert allowed a year to pass, and was on the point of urging his claims, when he received an invitation to the wedding! She was to be married to her late husband's partner. Robert remonstrated. The lady assured him that her present step was not one of love, but purely of necessity. The partnership affairs of her late lamented husband were in such a state that settlement was impossible, and to save immense losses, she had determined upon marrying the surviving partner. She assured him also, that her sentiments towards him were unchanged, and that should she ever become a widow again, she would give him the preference. She was married, and in a short time removed with her third husband to Detroit, Mich.

But fatality seemed to pursue her. Herself and husband were on board a steamer that was wrecked near Buffalo some years since. The husband perished, and she escaped only through the superhuman exertions of a friend who happened to be on board. The friend was young, unmarried, and his gallantry inspired such sentiments in the breast of the widow, that she married him before Robert had time to claim her. When he learned the state of affairs, he was somewhat indignant, but she told him the circumstances, and managed to satisfy him with the promise that if she ever became widowed again, she would most positively marry him.

The lady, with her fourth husband, settled upon a farm near Bucyrus, while Robert removed to Mansfield, that he might be near her. In the course of a year they removed to Pittsburg, where the husband went into mercantile business on Liberty street—residing, however, in Allegheny City. Robert followed them, and finding employment, determined to watch the chances closely. One day he was passing the store of Mr. —, when he saw a terrible commotion. Rushing in he saw Mr. — a mangled corpse upon the floor. A cask of rice which was being hoisted, had fallen and killed him instantly. He inquired if any one had been sent to acquaint his wife of the accident, and was told that the first clerk had just started—

Looking once more at poor Mr. —, to make sure that he was perfectly dead, Robert started to Allegheny as fast as his legs could carry him. The first clerk was only a trifle ahead of him, and Robert, knowing the importance of being in time from past experience, and fearing that the clerk had designs upon the widow, ran like an Indian. Side by side they ran until they reached the Hand Street Bridge.

The clerk was obliged to stop to make change, while Robert, who paid by the year, passed without delay. He reached the house, told the heart rending news, and obtained a solemn pledge from the widow before the clerk arrived. This time she was true to her promise, and after a year had passed, they were married—

As all her husbands died wealthy, Robert is very comfortably fixed. His history shows what perseverance will accomplish.

IN AND OUT OF OFFICE.—Lord Lyndhurst—the Boston lord—tells a good story apropos of his surrender of the Great Seal, in 1848, showing the relative importance of the law and the office.

"When I went to the palace," says his lordship, "I alighted at the grand staircase; I was received by the sticks and silver, and other officers of the household, who called, in sonorous tones, from landing to landing, and apartment to apartment, 'Room for the Lord High Chancellor of England! I entered the presence chamber; I gave the seals to her majesty; I had the honor of kissing her hand; I left the apartment by another door, and found myself on a back stair-case down which I descended without any one taking any notice of me, until, as I was looking for my carriage at the outer door, a lacquey bustled up, and, with a patronizing air, said, 'Lord Lyndhurst, can I do anything for you?'"

SHELLEY'S LIBRARY.—Shelley's library was a very limited one. He used to say that a good library consisted not of many books, but a few chosen ones; and, being asked what he considered such, he said: "I'll give you my list—catalogue it can't be called: the Greek Plays, Plato, Lord Bacon's Works, Shakespeare, the Old Dramatists, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, Machiavelli, and Guiccardini—not forgetting Calderon; and last, yet first, the Bible. It is not meant that this was all his collection. He had read few English works of the day; scarcely a novel except Walter Scott's, for whose genius he had sovereign respect; Axtanasis, by which he thought Lord Byron profited in his Don Juan; and the Prometheus Bound. In speaking of Hope and Manzon, he said, 'that one good novel was enough for any man to write, and he thought both judicious in not risking their fame by a second attempt.'"

COLONEL BENTON'S OPINION OF THE AUTHORITY OF "JUNIAS."

In the forthcoming Volume VII. of Benton's "Abridgment" there is the following note to a speech of Mr. Randolph, in which Mr. R. spoke of a reputation by "Junias" of a remark of Lord Chatham. If the puzzle is not yet resolved of the authorship of "Junias," this terse and vigorous summing up of one of the theories is unmistakably characteristic of the Thirty Years' Senator, and not unworthy of either the real or here supposed author of the celebrated letters:

"When the author of this Abridgment (says Colonel Benton) was ten years old, which was in the last decade (borrowing Livy's division of time in the expression) of the last century, and before enlightened writers had thrown darkness on the authorship of Junias, it was well conceded that there was but one man in England, or the world, who united in himself all the qualities of head, heart, and temper, all the incidents of political and personal life, which the writing of those letters required; but one man who had such power to drive the English language, such knowledge of men and things, such amplitude of information, such lofty and daring spirit, such inducement to publish his thoughts and conceal his name, an oratorical fame already so great as to set him above the assumption of that of Junias, great as it was. That one man was Lord Chatham, then old, and out of favor with the King and dominant parties; relegated (by his peerage) to that 'Hospital of Incurables,' the House of Lords, whence no patriot voice could reach the Commons of England; retired to his country seat at Hayes, and all visitors shut out; disconcerted, despairing, restless, and seeing no way to reach the people but through the press, and by means of appeals, bold to audacity, patriotic to temerity, and the more impressive because shrouded in the mystery of an unknown origin. So stood Lord Chatham and Junias in the latter part of the century in which they lived, convertible characters, identical in person."

WITHOLDING CORN.

Between eighty and ninety years ago there lived, in the Connecticut River Valley, two farmers, one of whom was named Hunt, and the other Clark. The former in early life, had been a man of strong will and somewhat haughty and violent temper. Sometimes he had been seen beating his oxen over their heads with the handle of his whip in a way to excite the pity of the bystanders, and when exasperated with, he excused himself by saying that he had the most fractious team in town. By and by an alteration took place in the temper of farmer Hunt. He became mild, forbearing, and what was most remarkable, his oxen seemed to improve in disposition at equal pace with himself.

Farmer Hunt joined the church and was an exemplary man. His neighbors saw the change both in himself and his team. It was a marvel to the whole town. One of his townsmen asked him for an explanation. Farmer Hunt said, "I have found out a secret about my cattle. Formerly they were unmanageable. The more I whipped and clubbed them the worse they acted. But now, when they are contrary I go behind my load, sit down and sing Old Hundred, and strange as it may appear, no sooner have I ended than the oxen go along as quietly as I could wish. I don't know how it is, but they really seem to like singing."

In the course of a few years the two farmers were chosen deacons of the church, and they both adorned their profession. About the time of their election a grievous famine prevailed in the valley, and the farmers generally were laying up their corn to plant the ensuing season. A poor man, living in the town, went to Deacon Hunt and said, "I have come to buy a bushel of corn. Here is the money. It is about all I can gather." The deacon told him he could not spare a bushel for love or money. He was keeping double the usual quantity for seed corn the next year, and had to stint his own family. The man urged his suit in vain. At last he said, "Deacon, if you do not let me have the corn I shall curse you." "Curse me!" replied the deacon, "how dare you do so?" "Because," said the man, "the Bible says so." "Nonsense," exclaimed Deacon Hunt; "there is no such thing in the Bible."

Up with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he goes,
To see if the daisy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes
Running a race with the wind,
With a step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

New to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water-sprite.
No sand under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair,
No pebbly sea-shell is fatter
Than his slender ankles bare;
Nor the rosiest stem of coral
That blushes in ocean's bed,
Is sweeter as the flesh that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window my neighbor
Looks down on our little cot,
And watches the "poor man's blessing"
I cannot envy his lot.
He has pictures, books, and music,
Bright fountains, and noble trees,
Flowers that blossom in roses,
Birds from beyond the seas:
But never does childish laughter
His homeward footsteps greet,
His stately halls no echo
To the tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a sleeping cherub—
(Our other one has wings).
His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harp-strings hold such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the City
Whose Builder and Maker is God,
Close to the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl,
The eyes of our other angel—
A twinborn little girl.

To I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
So that he be accounted worthy
To walk in sandals of light,
And hear angel songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of Heaven,
The patter of little feet.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1888, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

The coast-side of the Blue Mountains, or as they are now called, Australian Alps, at the point due east of Sydney, is between forty and fifty miles from the coast; in many places further north and south, the foot of the lowest hills is level by the main. The Bathurst road crosses the eastern brow at about the first of these points. As the traveller descends it, a fine river is seen winding along at the base of the declivity; and everywhere, as far as his eye can reach, a region rich in meadows and arable fields, in orchards and homesteads, and choicest woodland pastures, opens before him. He wonders if the works he sees can be the product of three-quarters of a century.

Beside the main branch of the Hawkesbury River, flowing here and there at the confines of the Alpine region, there are other but smaller ones, whose course is through some of the wildest parts of the region itself. Crossing the main river I lingered for a short time, my money still holding out, at one of the village settlements, and then concluded to follow a minor branch of the stream for a few days. I was led to do so by the accounts given me of the incredible richness of the soil, the luxuriant crops, and the peaceful, prosperous life of the settlers.

I found the account that had been given me by no means exaggerated. The soil was of unparalleled fertility, and the geometrical conformation of the surface such as to give the fullest effect to the fostering qualities of the climate. The stream wound along through narrow winding gorges; the hills now approaching the water so closely as to constitute the bank; now sweeping back so as to leave cliffed fells, in size ranging mostly from ten acres up to fifty. The warmth of the sun, here reflected from the hill-sides, caused a high temperature of the air and soil, whilst the rich soil itself was fed with constant moisture by its proximity to the level of the stream and the underground drain from the hills.

Here had settled numbers of the freed convicts; many of whom, whilst under sentence, were the greatest "out-and-outers" in the country. It was allowed to any freed man in those times to present himself at the Female Factory, and on stating that he wished to obtain a wife, make his selection. The women of the "first class," i. e., such as were under no colonial sentence, were paraded, and the determined repentant of bachelorism signified his choice. If the highly favored object of it reciprocated the election, a day was appointed and the marriage ceremony performed. In this way great numbers of these hapless women, very soon after arriving in the colony, exchanged the sad doom of an imprisoned convict for the position of a wife in a prosperous and comfortable home. It was one of the few merciful arrangements which entered into the general system of convict management, and, like all merciful methods, blessed in the main were its results. Both parties saw how much there could be gained by proper conduct, and were assiduous to secure it. Both had been convicts; if the woman had sacrificed her integrity, the man had been a ruffian and a thief. Neither could reproach the other. The past must be a sealed book to both; so much the more must they set store by the future. And not rarely was there a very comfortable home for the woman to take charge of; and the wife could find soft places in hearts that to down tramping society, and Courts of Justice and penal officials, were nothing but so much solid steel

and adamant. The man on his part had perhaps toiled on alone in the woods, either as a block-of-leave holder or freed man for several years, till he had got together his herd of two or three hundred head of horned cattle, and had grain-ground in abundance under cultivation, with his four or five hundred dollars in the bank. From such an origin arose some of the finest families, in both a philanthropic and mental point of view, to be found in Australia below the better educated class. I have never heard or seen the fact noticed out of the colony, but it is one well known within it, that the stature of the native born men of Australia, and the gracefulness of the females, is of very peculiar order; and that from convict blood, on either or both sides, has sprung much more than the average of the strength and beauty of the colony. Probably the climate is one of the causes; and another may be found in the excess of innate vitality which usually accompanies and perhaps partly causes, a lawless and forcible character.

But, beneficial as the system worked as a whole, it had its episodes. Many a child was growing up there whose sire had fought with gnashing teeth on the deck of privateer and pirate, or trained to arms on the midnight beach; many a one whose mother had cast away wealth and health and name and fame for love, and evermore, be she where she might, or what she might, or who she might, must carry within her heart an inviolable lord of different stamp from the class into whose ranks she had fallen. There was one wild tale from their earliest times that may be worth its telling.

A young midshipman in the British navy, for some complicity in a mutiny, overt or constructive, was transported to Sydney. Soon after his arrival, a friend of his family in the colony procured his assignment to his service. This gentleman had a grain mill on the road from the distant interior to Sydney; and to it the young man was sent to act as clerk. To this mill, on his way to Sydney, with grain, came at times an old settler from the region above described, leaving his sack of wheat to be ground for home use against his return.

With him also sometimes came his daughter, a girl some seventeen years of age. The young midshipman and the settler's daughter preferred each other, and for a while all went well. The youth was to have (sent him from Europe) any funds he needed as soon as he could obtain a ticket of leave; and it was a frequent thing for free-born girls to marry young men still under sentence, making, indeed, a strange legal jumble as to authority in the marriage state, but therewithal, it is said, some very happy marriages. Old Daley was well satisfied—though of considerable property himself—and the mother of the young girl was deceased—

Sister or brother also she had none. Three years passed, and Nance was become the finished and graceful woman. Her mother had been one of those whose fall from the upper sphere, never to be forgotten, a sentence of early death as irreversible as the law of the Medes and Persians; but she had lived long enough to make her daughter, even in these rude wildernesses, not far unlike herself in all feminine tastes and capacities. At this juncture, Nance about twenty, the young midshipman within a short period of attaining his ticket-of-leave, there occurred between them one of those "old-world" affairs, a lover's quarrel—"infamia amoris."

So for some weeks Nance would not go to market with her father. At length it became too bad; and one night after a day when Daley had passed down the road to market alone, the clerk took one of his employer's horses out of the stable, and rode off to the Cedar Tree Gully to make his peace. As he came back, light-hearted, but much too late, for the day had dawned, a constable, whose station he had to pass, was up, saw him, and took him into custody for being at large without a pass. At the court his case went hard; ranging about in the night (said the hoof tracks) for many a mile away from where he ought to have been, with no pass, on no errand that he dared to tell. His employer, who himself looked on the offence very leniently, did all he could to keep him; but in vain. All he could accomplish was an abatement of the sentence. Instead of being consigned to the Convict Barrack at head-quarters, with fifty lashes, the prisoner was sent there without—

This was all; and this the young man knew was but a protraction. He knew that the first time he happened to annoy some tyrannical overseer, the infamous sentence would reach him. How had he deserved this state of things? Was this the fruit of four years' faultless and assiduous conduct? Where was the enormous offence that had incurred it? *Whom had he wronged, in fact? Where lay his sin of purpose?* Gentle blood could have faced the cell or the rack or death—but the infamous law! No! So away he went, the first chance he could get, into the woods. Next morning, when Nance goes to the spring a little way off in a shady covert of the woods, for water for breakfast, she finds her lover there before her. The tale is brief and plain; and she who has lived her whole life in the convict country, understands it all, and knows its truth and meaning to the full. But she bears it bravely and well. No sobs, no paroxysms. Only for that glimpse of the eye, and the curl and tremulousness of that exquisitely feminine upper lip, and all respiration through the dilated nostrils, you might think she had listened to nothing more than some ordinary "good-morning" from a neighbor. Before leaving, she takes him to the best place of concealment nigh at hand. In his dream there is the tread of light feet around him, and the wafting of garments at his side, and a strange Elysian sensation almost paining his temples and forehead, and mingling queerly with those more celestial things, there are visions of oaten roasting whole, and subliminary bread and many other viands, such as cream and the Chinese herb, and the like. When he awakes, the sun is high, the dew is gone, and, strange to tell, some provident angel has been there; for on a snow-white cloth, close to his head, are food and profane and condiments innumerable. At night Nance comes again, and the drowsy scroll is read once more. She says he has done well—right well. She would rather kill him herself—kill him with her own hands—than he should be tied up and flogged. "Better," he says, "to his mind, the death-dealing bullet." "Better," she says, "to hers also." But the fountain of tears will re-

main shut up no longer; and she has to sob long and bitterly before the anguish will depart. The outlaw now speaks of his purpose. Once a month or so he will come to see his angel; the rest of the time range the bush; if no questions are asked him where he may happen to go in, but hospitable food proffered, he will take it and do no wrong to any one. If no one gives him food of free will, he will find some who shall furnish it against their will. But Love, ever more provident for others than for itself, says, By no means. The plan savors too much of peril. And there is no need of it. Another tempest of tears and sobs, and the penitent hiding of her face in the bosom of her heart's earth-walking god. "Who brought about all this ruin?" she asks. "Was it not herself—her own vain caprice? her badness, not his?" No, he cannot go away again; they must live or die together. As for his maintenance, who is the mistress of that well-stocked farm but herself? If it were ten times as much what would she be giving but her own? As for shelter, many a day of her girlhood did she spend in gathering flowers and looking for beautiful birds in the woods behind the farm, where no trail yet pierces, where there is no settler for fifty miles back. And many a fastness she knows of where an army might lie concealed; many a gibber-gunyah* up among the crags of the ravines, where a shelf of rock juts out and forms a roof and a chamber, impervious alike to rain and sun-beat. If his doom must be the jail, she will be his jailor herself; and will come on the morrow and incarcerate him in due form. And so the matter rests. Henceforth, when the old settler drives his dry-load of grain to Sydney market, he goes alone. And when he gets back he has long tales to tell of the folk's surmises about the mill clerk; and how most people think he must have ingratiated himself with some son of the ocean like himself, and got on board a vessel and escaped.

"Those American skippers always do this kind of thing when they can get a chance, to spite the English Government,"—Nance listening, with many a grave "Indeed!" For, all these times, the old man, who is a hard drinker when he begins, carries his homeward way at one tavern after another, till his return is protracted till the second and often the third morning; and then the prisoner comes forth after night-fall, when there is no further chance of travelers, and sits with his jailor in the house; or if the moon is about the full, they walk among the tall corn rows, or by the river bank, watch the beams winking on the water or glinting high on forest crag of the opposite hills. And so the year rolls on, and the months speed fast away. But times are when, weary of the outdoor scenes, and chill with the midnight air, they go in and sit in the shadow of the hut—

No fear of surprise; for her watchdog, strong and terrible, needs but a word from her to tear down a dozen men. Yet, yet they linger; for which shall say the first adieu! And so the year rolls on, and the months speed fast away. Daley wonders at the easy unconcern with which Nance hears all his stories about her former lover; but he wonders still more as he sees that as the quick months speed on, the unconcern disappears, and a trembling nervousness and a look of dreadful pain take its place whenever he mentions him. For a few weeks he foregoes the subject. And the year rolls on; and the quick months speed fast, alas! alas! how far too fast, away! Daley is a shrewd old man; and proposes to his daughter a match that he has half-made for herself—more than half-made—with a soulless lout, half-idiot, the only son of an old and miserly settler almost at his last breath, a few farms below them on the stream. His daughter says it cannot be. One day—such as comes but once or twice in a human life—bitterest ire on the one part, widest despair on the other. The sun sinks low, and the old man leaves her and goes out for his milking herd. When he comes back, the door is closed; even the dog is not there. He listens at the threshold—a minute—two minutes; all still as the grave within. He turns and looks everywhere in an instant. All still; even the encircling woods move not; but seem as if they had a consciousness and a power of looking at him as one looks who is commissioned to utter, but cannot utter, some dreadful tidings. He lifts the latch and staggers forward. No Nance; some old thing gone; a little billet on the table: "Father, farewell! May God forgive and bless you!" Of the old man, tradition says no more. But that night Nance also was a bushranger. Whilst she could, she had fed her mate; and now the young man thinks it is his turn to feed her. His tools that he works with are a horse and a carbine. And so the year rolls on and the months have sped away. As yet their hiding-place has remained unsuspected by the police. Only a few of the old Indians, who have known Nance from her childhood, have visited them. Some of these, however, have stayed with her awhile when left otherwise alone; and to one old crone she had thoughtlessly given some coat-of-garments. One night, in the winter weather, the rain falling with ceaseless pattering on the leaves, the night blank and starless, the trees swaying and moaning, mist everywhere, the voices of the wind down in the gorges of the mountain mingling into huge diapason, and peeling up to their ears like some great organ tone; the grim old dog, who is lying with his head between his paws beside the fire at the mouth of the gunyah, suddenly springs to his feet, uttering a sullen, stifled growl. A fiercer growl, and he stands brazen like a thing of iron, his hair bristling, and his eyes fixed peering through the mist down toward the hill's base. Nance, who is sitting wrapped up in a monkey-jacket from the chill night air, singing low lullabies to a little sleeper on a couch by her side, knows too well the taken. Springing up, she seizes a bucket of water, and pours it on the fire. Instantly, through the sudden darkness and flying ashes and sputtering steam, the report of a musket, and that low, sad, musical moan with which the fatal missile sends brief warning of its approach to the ear of the doomed. One sobbing cry has she time to utter—"My babe! my babe! oh, save my babe!"—and she falls into his arms, her warm life-blood deluging him from a great wound in her neck, where the death tool has cut its way and passed on. The rain has ceased; there is silence and darkness on the hillside, deeper darkness and silence

down in the dells below; only that the stars, in countless rows, now glimmer through the leaves; and that now and then some loud howl muffled by its strength, given way and falls with sullen crash to the earth;—earth, ancient mother of all living forms, whose still and peaceful bosom evermore invites her worn and weary offspring to repose. It is long, long past midnight; far on toward the break of day, if it be not the first faint twilight that even now streaks the horizon tender in the east. One of those prostrate forms will rise no more till it arises to immortality; but in the other the syncope is giving way before a faint but increasing spark of mortal vitality. He is conscious of being alive, but no more; next he knows that a great dog lies moaning at his head, with moans almost human; by-and-by an infant's feeble wail reaches his ear and wrings his heart till he is fairly back into life and consciousness, and feels and recognizes the priceless relic around which his arms are clasped.—Oh, that strange day! that long, long, dreary day!—that strange carrying off of the living and the dead into darker depths of the wilderness!—and the burial and the nursing, with no eye looking on but that of pitying God! If the man-hunters ever went again, they would find no fire at the gibber-gunyah to guide their aim. Let us hope that even they were misled by the masculine garment the young mother had put on to shield her from the chill air of the stormy night. If the shriek of the murdered scared them not away forever, they would find the hill unscalable from below; and if they found the path from above to the spot, there their search might stop; for, in such a case, the Indians, profoundly scrupulous where the civilized man has often lost every faculty of an unperverted humanity, would not track for them. The outlaw was heard of in those parts no more. But years afterwards those bones were tenderly exhumed from their lonely resting place through many a long day of sultry summer heat, and many a night of howling, wintry storm in a solitary dell of the Cedar Tree gully, and taken on board a ship just on the eve of sailing for some distant part of the globe. And with them went two persons, who had only a few days before arrived:—the one a gentleman yet in mid-life, but grave and careworn; the other a young lady of resplendent beauty, some sixteen or seventeen years of age, with the same rich, brown eyes as the old settler's daughter. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

Oh, hearts that never cease to yearn!
Oh, brimning tears that never are dried!
The dead, tho' they depart, return
As if they had not died!

The living are the only dead;
The dead live—nevermore to die;
And often when we mourn them dead
They never were so nigh!

And tho' they lie beneath the waves,
Or sleep within the churchyard dim—
(Ah! thro' how many different graves
God's children go to Him!)

Yet every grave gives up its dead
Ere it is overgrown with grass;
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,
Or need we cry Alas!

Or why should memory, veiled with gloom,
And like a sorrowing mourner crape,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb
Whose captives have escaped!

'Tis but a mound—and will be mowed
Where'er the summer grass appears;
—The loved, though wept, are never lost;
We only lose our tears.

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead,
By bending forward where they are;
But Memory, with a backward tread,
Communes with them afar!

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more;
—We look behind us for the Past,
But lo! 'tis all before!

KISSING IN PARIS.

Paris ought to be a perfect Paradise to young bachelors who are fond of kissing the ladies, according to a letter of a correspondent, writing from there. Our correspondent says:

"The almost universal custom of kissing, in Paris, seems at first singular to a stranger, coming from a country where the proprieties of life rarely permit you to take a lady's hand, much less to salute her. In France, to kiss a lady with whom you are not intimate, on meeting her, is very common; especially is this the case if she is a married lady. Not only the members of the family, but all the guests, expect invariably to salute the lady of the house on coming down in the morning. But, though the modest American may, perhaps, escape the ceremony on ordinary occasions, yet, on New Year's morning, it is imperative. On that morning I came down to my coffee about nine o'clock.

"I sat down, quietly bidding Madame bonjour, as on ordinary occasions. In a few moments she was at my elbow, with—
"Mons. B., I am angry with you."

"I expressed, of course, a regret and ignorance of having given her any reason.

"Ah!" said she, "you know very well the reason. It is because you did not embrace me, this morning, when you came down."

"Madame was a lady of, perhaps, twenty-eight, with jet black, glossy hair, and a clear, fair complexion. She was very beautiful—had she been plain, I should have felt less embarrassed. She waited, as though expecting me to atone for my neglect; but how could I before the whole table? I sat, all this time, trembling in my seat. At length Madame said:

"Mons. B., embrace me!"

"The worst had come. I arose trembling, put my white, bloodless lips, all greasy with butter and wet with coffee, (for in my embarrassment I had dropped my napkin,) to those of Madame. This was my first French kiss."

Poor fellow! We can imagine his embarrassment just as well as if we had been present. In the same predicament we should have fainted—in the lady's arms.—N. Y. Atlas.

* Shaving the beard is a lie against our own faces, and an impious attempt to improve the works of the Creator.—T. T. T.

AARON BURR.

The Southern Literary Messenger for the current month has a very able and interesting article on Aaron Burr. The paper bears internal evidence of being the work of Henry T. Tuckerman. The following are extracts from the essay as now and are commended to the reader's attention:—

One of the most distinctly remembered journeys of our boyhood was to the British Provinces, returning via Maine. One summer day, at the hotel in Portland, with the urbanity which distinguished old school landlords, its host came into the parlor—exclaiming, "Come here, my lad, I've something to show you;" accompanying him to the porch he pointed out the erect and somewhat diminutive figure of a man, whose round, low hat, plainly-cut, mulberry-colored frock coat, and immovable aspect, suggested, at the first glance, the idea of a Quaker; hair of snowy whiteness, a good profile and keen eye were next obvious: he stood at an angle of the street, and people continually passed him: he looked straight forward, whether in reverie or expectantly did not appear: "mark him well," said Boniface, "you will bear of him when you are older; that is Aaron Burr, who shot General Hamilton." From that moment an ardent curiosity to know the details of this event, and a permanent association therewith of the staid, venerable and solitary figure, of which we had caught this vivid glimpse, gave a "local habitation" in our memory to the name of the second Vice President of the United States. Accordingly no opportunity was lost for gaining anecdotes of one of the few historical personages visible to juvenile eyes. These were singularly at variance with each other, yet all characteristic.

A medical contemporary of the old man, told us how startled he was when administering to a dying patient on a wintry night, to have his vigil disturbed by the entrance of a gentleman, whose costume and greeting were thoroughly courtier-like; he was followed by a negro bearing a tray with wine and soup, covered with a napkin; the roar of the tempest outside, the lateness of the hour, the contrast between this etiquette and the sordid misery of the apartment, and wretched end of the patient—who, though highly connected, was an outcast because of a long career of improvidence and dissipation—struck the good doctor as highly dramatic; and this impression was enhanced when the unexpected visitor announced himself as Col. Burr, well known to have been the boon companion of the dying man when he lived by his wit abroad, and indulged in a "lark" at home. "Poor Bill!" said the courteous comrade, "can nothing be done for him?" He received a negative reply with perfect composure, regarded the sufferer awhile, and then went through an elaborate farewell to the physician, leaving on that worthy's mind a bewildering impression of charitable intentions and heartless courtesy.

In direct contrast with this amiable phase of character was the next personal reminiscence we heard. Among the many funeral sermons elicited by Hamilton's death, one delivered by a Philadelphia clergyman was remarkable for the severe anathemas pronounced upon his antagonist. As a specimen of rhetorical invective the discourse became famous, and was largely quoted in the journals and disseminated through the country. Many years after, its author received a letter appealing to him as the almoner of many wealthy denizens in the city of brotherly love, to furnish pecuniary aid in a case where the previous high standing and prosperity of the individual, (represented as an accomplished lady,) made a more public application offensive both to pride and delicacy. The clergyman promptly called at the house, had an interview with the unfortunate, and promised, if possible, to obtain the requisite sum to relieve her immediate wants, from some rich and liberal members of his church. Her apparently comfortable situation was explained as the result of temporary kindness; and the melancholy of the fair petitioner, as well as her evident accomplishments, stimulated the good pastor to exertion, and, in a week, he wrote her that the money was at her disposal; she declined coming for it, and begged her benefactor to visit her at a certain hour the next day, and deliver the gift entrusted to him as well as give her the benefit of his advice in a plan she had formed for her own future and honorable subsistence.

At the appointed time the clergyman entered the drawing-room, and, while awaiting the lady, took a beautiful edition of Horace, his favorite classic, from the centre-table; surprised to find marginal notes, indicative of the most fastidious erudition, in a female hand, his wonder increased when the object of his kind efforts appearing, confessed herself the author: an animated conversation ensued, and so interested was the visitor in the novel experiment of a learned discussion with one of the gentler sex, that he was not at first aware that she had gradually drawn nearer and nearer to him, and her manner exhibited a sudden embarrassment; raising his eyes in perturbation, as the idea occurred to him, he caught sight in the mirror, of a face peering through the slightly open door at his back, which, at his quick movement, was instantly withdrawn. Though naturally of an unsuspicious temper, he felt a glow of indignation at the mere idea of having had his confidence and the benevolence of his friends abused and laying down the money, took a formal and somewhat abrupt leave. It so happened his next engagement was at the studio of a fashionable artist, to whom he was sitting for his picture. While arranging his colors the painter rallied his subject on the absent mood he was in, whereupon the clergyman described the scene he had just passed through, and the unpleasant doubts it had excited in his mind. The artist grew serious in a moment, and asked for a particular description of the lady; he then begged his auditor not to speak of the matter until he heard from him, as a clue to the mystery had suggested itself. The artist was not deceived; the "indigent lady" was one of Burr's creatures; she confessed to having, at his instigation, planned to entrap the clergyman and compromise his position, in order to revenge the bitter hostility launched years before at the destroyer of Hamilton.

Our limits do not allow us to make so extended extracts from this article as we could wish. We have only room for the closing passage:

When he lay in his cradle his mother wrote: "Aaron is very shy and resolute;" and eighty years after, when he was passing away, he spoke politely of dying "game;" hence we have the clue to the whole labyrinth of his existence; pluck, duplicity and engaging manners were his armor, creed, instincts, reliance; not without efficiency at crises and for temporary ends, admirable means of success in war and intrigue, but the most undesirable combination for permanent and satisfactory triumph—alien to the manly trust, to the frank enjoyments, and to the moral security which true fame and genuine love are forever entrenched. They account for all that Burr did and failed to do: for his reputation as a young soldier; his success in gallantry; his attainment of the second office in the gift of the people after only four years political probation, and the total loss of the confidence of his party in almost the same brief period of time; for his ill-starred Mexican expedition, for his generosity as a donor and his unreliability as a debtor, for the suspicion he excited in men, and the favor he won from women, for the cool premeditation on his dual and his indifference to consequences—moral, social and physical; for his denigration of Washington, and his admiration of French philosophers, for his frivolous talk, and his studied manners, for his fortitude and his skepticism, for his legal shrewdness and social pliancy, for his agreeableness in the *salon* and his lonely old age, for his self-reliance and irreverent spirit, his fascination and his fate.

THE VAMPIRE'S BRIDAL.

The *Courier des Etats Unis* is responsible for the following *recette*, which Ninon believes to be as true—as true as all French stories are. In the Faubourg St. Honoré every one is talking of the approaching marriage of the Vampire:

"Who—what is the Vampire?"
"The Vampire is a young Eastern prince—the finest waltzer in Europe. It is four years since a terrible adventure happened to him in London, which has invested him with a fearful and charming renown. The Prince G—, as we have said, was known as the first waltzer of the world; he could waltz every partner; he would tire out every orchestra. One night, at a fête at Almack's, a young lady, beautiful as the English can be when they are lovely, but fragile and pale, wished to waltz with him, and asked him to be her partner. This young lady was the daughter of a distinguished lord, who had recently returned from the Indies, where he had occupied a high position.

"The Prince waltzed with her; soon the other couples ceased; the Prince and Arabella alone continued. It seemed as if the Prince became possessed as he waltzed; his steps ceaselessly continued to increase their velocity, and the orchestra essayed in vain to follow.

"The young girl, her head drooping on the shoulder of the Prince, seemed in an ecstasy. One was startled at first by her pallor and her convulsed eyes, whose pupils almost disappeared beneath her eyelids; but one was reassured in hearing her voice, weakened by the harmonious whirlwind, murmur, between her pale lips:

"Always! Always! Faster! Always! Faster still!"

"Very soon she ceased to speak.
"The Prince whirled on; all around held their breath, as if some terrible event had transpired; but they were stricken into immobility, and no one sought to stop the Prince, who waltzed on, waltzed always, carrying his partner inertly drooping, pliable as a gazelle scarf in his strong arm. At last the musicians, out of breath, succumbed.

"The Prince ceased before the seat of the young lady, made her a profound bow, and released her. Arabella fell backwards on the floor.

"She was dead! During a quarter of an hour he had waltzed with a corpse!"

"His misery was startling. All the women dotted on him, and named him the Vampire.

"Women always love what they fear. There was not in London a single woman, not one of those charming models of the *Keepsake* and the *Book of Beauty*, who was not ready to have given him the half of her blood, if he had desired to drink it from her veins.

"The Vampire has sworn never to waltz again during his life, but all womanhood were leagued to force him to break his oath. All wished to cast themselves headlong into that fantastic waltz, which was able to bring death! "Alas! every time—before in London, and since at Paris—that he had waltzed with a lady, he had taken a sudden aversion to her, flying from her with a sort of terror, while the conquered waltzers bore over after in the depths of their hearts, an empoisoned wound.

"The Vampire, or rather the Prince, is to marry Mlle. Mareil, the daughter of a manufacturer. This young girl, modest, and of singular beauty, three months ago attended a ball at the Duchesse de S—."

"The Prince, attracted towards her, wished to engage her for a waltz.

"See refused. To-day she marries him—Well! Ninon wishes her joy of her rotating, revolving, whirling of a husband, her top-like spinning top-to-top of a spouse. For our American taste, we prefer our better halves—that is, I believe, matrimonially inclined people do—to be more solid and reliable business men than a Vampire waltzer would be apt to prove, and sensible girls prefer to live rather than die in the embrace of their idols—that is, I should think they would.

"If one wants to see whirling humanity, let him view the Shaker's fandango, or the Eastern spinning Dervishes. One doesn't usually care about employing a living curiosity as an everyday companion; each to his taste, however, even if one's taste happens to be a Vampire."

"Jerrold said to a very thin man, 'Sir, you are like a pin, but without the head or the point.'"

"By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior.—Lord Bacon.

TURPENTINE ON MISSISSIPPI BOATS.—The circumstances of the burning of the Ocean Spray at New Orleans are still under the scrutiny of the United States Commissioner at St. Louis, engaged in an investigation, and this is the substance of one Mississippi steamer captain's story.

Geo. A. Hawley, examined for the defense, is Captain of the steamer Baltimore; I have used turpentine to raise steam between this and above; there has been no fire on the boat; it is not dangerous; we use it by sprinkling it on the wood between the boiler and the wood into the fire; I never used it on the Baltimore, but used it on a boat that ran to Alton in 1849, for the purpose of raising steam; we always had a barrel of turpentine on board; I don't now regard the use of it in that way as dangerous; we usually placed the vessel in which the turpentine was on the guard, about twenty feet from the fire; we were very cautious about it, knowing it to be combustible in its nature, but it is perfectly safe if used with precaution.

Cross examined.—We never used turpentine as a common article of fuel; it was only when there was some boat that started at the same hour, and in opposition to us, that we used it; the opposition was so warm at the time that we could not pass for ten cents apiece, and afterwards for nothing; I occasionally used to knock the head of the barrel out, dip the stick into it, carry it to the furnace and throw it into the fire, when we had no upper convenient.

The Commissioner referred to the statute prohibiting the use of inflammable materials on board of steamboats, and said he thought it was necessary to proceed with the examination in that way, as it did not follow because one man violated the law at one time, that another was authorized to do the same at a future time.

LAGER BEER.—The interesting qualities of this beverage have been investigated in the case of a person arraigned in the Court of Common Pleas at Brooklyn for the violation of the Sunday laws. Large numbers of witnesses testified as to the qualities of the beer, and the fact that they had drunk without feeling any ill effects. One man said he had imbibed 100 glasses in a day and felt "good." Professor Doremus gave an analysis of lager beer and other liquors, showing the following proportion of alcohol in each:

Brandy contains, of alcohol,	55 to 55 per cent.
Madeira Wine,	20 to 23 "
Port Wine,	20 to 25 "
Rhine Wine,	10 to 12 "
Claret,	10 to 16 "
Champagne,	10 to 12 "
Cider,	9 to 10 "
Porter and Ale,	5 to 8 "
Lager Beer,	5 to 8 "

Dr. Rogers regarded lager beer as "the nearest to nothing of any liquor which could be got; in lager beer, as in all other beverages made from hops, there was a soporific principle; in that respect it was to be distinguished from vinous fluids, which are excitants. Vinous fermentation must first take place before alcohol could be produced, but fermentation was a different process from distillation, for in the one case the alcohol was retained in the fluid, in the other it was drawn off separately. He adhered to the conviction that lager beer would not intoxicate unless taken in immense quantities."

A German, drinking lager on a wagon in Watertown, Wis., however, recently, was made furiously crazy thereby.

THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says:

"After all that has been published, few persons have any idea of the extent of business in the Dead Letter Office, or of its importance to the public generally. During a single year, in addition to some \$50,000 in money returned to its lawful owners, there have been found in the letters, and restored, drafts, checks, and other valuable papers, amounting to three and a half millions of dollars. In the greater number of instances dead letters which have thus been returned to the department have failed to reach their destination in due course by reason of misdirection. This may, doubtless be attributed to the hurry in which banks and large mercantile houses close up their correspondence for the day. One bank sends a letter containing paper amounting to thousands of dollars—inside the package is addressed to Nashville, outside to New Orleans. Another heavy remittance is directed to Troy, New York, without any address whatever on the inside. A third package was directed on the outside to Louisville, Ky., the inside direction is New Orleans. Would it not be well for all the banks and mercantile houses to add to their copies of correspondence a copy also of the outside address on the letter? In many cases when letters are thus sent astray, this simple record might at once furnish a clue to its early recovery."

REPORT ON THE TARIFF.—Proposition to Entirely Abandon the Protective Policy and Resort to Direct Taxation.—WASHINGTON, May 19.—Hon. Wm. W. Boyce, of South Carolina, has made a report in the House of Representatives, from the Select Committee on the Tariff, &c. It takes ground that the protective policy should be entirely abandoned, and resort as early as practicable to direct taxation as a measure of economy. Articles of prime necessity should be taxed at the lowest rate of duty, and the burden thrown as much as possible on luxuries. The navigation laws should be so modified as to require a portion of the officers and crews of American ships to be American seamen, and that American citizens should be free to purchase and sail foreign built ships, and the American coasting trade should be open on terms of perfect equality to foreign vessels.

The Committee say that they do not entertain the hope that they can inaugurate this new policy now. Severe radical changes must be the work of time. They do not, therefore, look for so much immediate practical results as to the effect on public opinion, and thus ultimately induce the triumph of the principles they advocate. Hon. M. R. H. Garnett, of Virginia, does not concur in all the conclusions of the Committee.

THE CUBA SLAVE TRADE.—A recent letter from Havana, says:

"Last week, about 2,000 negroes were landed on the north coast of Cuba, between Havana and Bahia Honda. Two of the vessels were American and one Spanish.

"Last Wednesday we saw the arrival of Chinese emigrants, one American—the Flora Temple—unloading American Reed's emigrants. The total number landed was 1,500, all in remarkably good health. This trade, which has been frequently denounced as another species of African slavery, has been virtually declared shut by the Cuban Government in two recent orders, the first one which denies the Chinese the right to the privilege of purchasing his time of apprenticeship, or changing his employer; and the second obliging them to leave the island on the expiration of their term, or enter into obligations to serve out a second term. As but few among them have the means of paying their own passage back after the first eight years, they are virtually made slaves of."

RESISTANCE THREATENED.—A gentleman of the utmost reliability, from Havana, by the Back Warrior, brings information that the American ship captain had held a meeting, and taken measures to have all the cannon and armament which is on board their various ships placed out of one of their number, which shall be well manned, and proceed to sea with the design of capturing the saucy little British cruiser when she overhauls the ship, as her very surely would, in accordance with her usual practice. If this report is as well founded as it apparently is, substantial, we may possibly hear how John Bull caught a Tartar for the next arrival.—New Orleans Delta.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—WITHDRAWAL OF A PRESBYTER.—Chicago, May 21.—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met here yesterday. One hundred and sixty delegates in attendance. Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Buffalo, was elected Moderator.

A communication was received from the Presbytery, at Harmony, Ky., announcing its withdrawal from the Assembly on account of the slavery question.

After the transaction of the usual business, the Assembly adjourned.

THE PROPOSED INTER-OCEANIC CANAL.—The Secretary of the Navy has transmitted to the Senate a letter dated May 17th, from Lieut. Craven, in reference to the Inter-Oceanic Canal across the Isthmus of Darien. Lieut. Craven is of opinion, for the reasons given, that the proposed canal is impracticable, involving expenditure not easily estimated, and sacrifice of life from which the strongest heart may shrink. At least two generations must pass away before the world could realize the completion of a work much less extensive than that contemplated.

Mr. Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

The best way to silence a talkative person is never to interrupt him.

The California papers not only publish births, but give the weight of the babies.

An Educated Minister.—An unlearned theology, said Melancthon, "is an illiad of evils." "If we lose the learned languages by neglect," said Luther, "we shall lose the Gospel."

It is a very common thing to abuse lawyers. Briefless lawyers, however, should always be excepted. It would be wrong to speak ill of a man without a cause."

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly, By the CATERER OF THE FRANKLIN HOUSE, Chestnut Street (above Third).

MEATS.

MEATS.			
<i>Beef.</i>		<i>Mutton.</i>	
Roasting rib, 12	12 1/4	Leg, Loin, Chop 12	9 1/4
Sirloin steak 14	1 1/4	Breast and Neck 6	1/2
Rump do 12	1 1/4	Young Lamb, whole	3 3/4

Wit and Humor.

TALE OF A MERMAID.

An incident was related the other day by an old sea captain, who swore to its authenticity in the most vehement manner. He was speaking of the fables which occurred some years ago in the Azores, and other neighboring islands, and in Madeira also, and of the straits to which the inhabitants were reduced for want of food.

"You see," said he, "I was lying off Funchal with a cargo of hardware—vine chairs, cultivators and such like. I called the big Skyhawk from New York. Well, our provisions ran out, and I calculated to lay in a supply at Funchal, but there wasn't a thing there."

"What!" said he, "none!"

"No, none. The cattle had all died, consequently there wasn't a beef; sheep had all died, and wasn't a mutton; hogs all got the measles, so there wasn't a pork; chickens all eaten up by foxes, so there wasn't a fowl."

"That's rather a dismal picture," was our reply; "how did the people procure food?"

"Food! well, they kind of lived on yams and roots; stole mules—the only thing that didn't die—and eat them."

"How about fish—couldn't they take fish as usual?"

"Nary fish; the fish all went out of their air ladders. There wasn't even sharks left, left alone anything worth eating."

"Why, that was strange."

"Yes; the only thing left in the harbor was mermaids, and they were high upon starvation, too."

"The what?" we asked in surprise.

"The mermaids! 'Can't you hear?' yelled the captain, angry at even a hint of skepticism. 'What! do you believe there are such creatures as mermaids?'"

"Do I believe it? No, I don't believe it; I know it! I reckon, stranger, I've seen a dozen of 'em at a time, tumbling in the surf like a lot of monkeys among the rigging!"

"Indeed! and what do they feed upon?"

"Well, I reckon, principally fish. I've seen 'em catch herrin', shrimps, and eat 'em up raw, as fast as a Dutch baby can eat pickles."

"But how did they get along at the time you speak of?" we inquired, endeavoring to assume an appearance of credulity. "You said the fish had entirely disappeared."

"I did, and the poor mermaids suffered badly. Why, one night, as I was coming down from the town to the quay where the brig's boat was tied up, I saw a fire burning on the beach. I reckoned first it was a lot of drunken sailors making punch. Well, I bared up towards it, and what I thought it was!"

"Of course you gave it up."

"Well, I'll tell you, and then you can see the state of starvation folks was in. Stranger," and here the captain pulled a solemn face, "it was a mermaid settin' over a fire, cooking her own tail for supper!"

A DEPLORABLE DRUNKARD.—Some years ago, Congress numbered among its members several who were much given to a love of liquor, and were frequently seen about the streets of the metropolis "on a spree." Such conduct on the part of our law-makers didn't impress the outsiders with such an exalted opinion of M. C.'s as they once had, as the incident I am about to relate will show.

One hot, moonlight night, during a long session, a party of gentlemen, including several members of Congress, were seated around the door of the house of a friend, trying to get cool, when an old toper, "all battered and torn," known as Bill Scraggs, made his appearance in their midst, and asked for money to obtain a night's lodging and something to eat. The Hon. Mr. Wm., a very kind-hearted and respectable member of the House, soon engaged Bill in conversation, and at once discovered that he was an educated man, and remarked to him: "My friend, you appear to have seen better days; I would like to know something of your history."

Bill drew himself up, and, after a short pause, said:

"Sir, I have seen better days! My parents are well to do, they gave me a good education and a profession, and, at one time, my prospects in life were as bright as any man's; but, alas! sir, in an evil hour I became addicted to drink, from that moment I have been going down, down, down, until I have become an outcast, a loafer—of no account—fit for nothing on this earth but to be a member of Congress!"

YANKEE TRADE.—"I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day!" said a true specimen of a Yankee pedlar, at the door of a merchant in St. Louis. "I calculate you calculate about right for you, cannot," was the sneering reply. "Well, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now here's a dozen real genuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half; you may have 'em at two dollars." "I tell you I don't want any of your trash, so you had better be going." "Well, now, I declare I'll bet you five dollars if you make me an offer for them razor strops, we'll have trade yet." "Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited the like sum; when the merchant offered him a couple of cents for his strops. "They're yours," said the Yankee, as he pecked the strops. But he added, with apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't want them strops I'll trade back." The merchant's countenance brightened as he replied: "You're not so bad a chap, after all. Here are the strops—give me the money." "There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops, and passed over the couple of cents. "A trade's a trade, and now you're wide awake in earnest. I guess the next time you trade you'll do a little better than to buy razor strops." And away he went with his strops and his wagger, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.

An eccentric party, of which Jerrold was one, agreed to have a supper of sheep's heads. One gentleman was particularly enthusiastic as to the excellence of the dish; and, as he threw down his knife and fork, exclaimed: "Well, sheep's heads forever, say I!"

Jerrold—"There's egotism!"

Then, the commissary turned to the "Gentleman Friend." "Did the guard present arms to you, Mr. Partington?" asked a commissary, as he met her at the entrance of the marquee.

"You mean the century!" said she, smiling. "I have heard so much about the painted field, that I believe I could deplore an attachment into line myself, and secure them as well as an officer. You asked me if the guard presented arms. He didn't, but a sweet little man with an epilepsy on his shoulder and a smile on his face, did, and asked me if I wouldn't go into a tent and smile. I told him that we could both smile as well outside, when he politely touched his shoulder and left me."

The commissary presented a hard wooden stool upon which she reposed herself.

"This is one of the seats of war, I suppose!" said she. "Oh, what a hard lot a soldier is! He is not a man, but a machine. What is that for?" asked she, as the noise of a cannon saluted her ear. "I hope they ain't firing on my account." There was a solicitude in her tone as she spoke, and she was informed that it was only the Governor, who had just arrived upon the field. "Dear me!" said she, "how cruel it is to make the old gentleman come away down here, when he is so feeble he has to take his staff with him wherever he goes." She was so affected at the idea, that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium, and to counteract the dust from the "painted field."—*Boston Post.*

A RICH PUFF.—A manufacturer and vender of patent medicine recently wrote to a friend living out west, for a good strong recommendation of his (the manufacturer's) "Balsam." In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty strong:

"Dear Sir:—The land composing my farm had hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edgewise; but hearing of your Balsam, I put some on a ten acre lot surrounded by a railroad fence, and in the morning I found that the rock had entirely disappeared, a nest stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into open wood, and piled up systematically in my back yard."

"I put half an ounce into the middle of a huckleberry swamp—in two days it was cleared off, platted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach trees in full blossom through the middle."

"As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son out of a mill pond, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars in a lottery."

A JOKING PARSON.—The Rev. Mr. Peters, of Tennessee, was preaching, and having a large gift of continuance, was somewhat protracted in his discourse. Several of his hearers left in the midst of the sermon. One young man was on his way to the door, when Mr. Peters pointed his long finger at him, and said:—

"Brethren, that young man has just as good right to go out as any one!"

It is needless to say that he was the last deserter.

At another time, when Mr. Peters was preaching, a young man started to leave the house, and making some noise as he went, Mr. Peters paused and said:—

"I will finish my discourse when that young man gets out."

The fellow very coolly took his seat, and said:—

"Then it will be some time before you get through."

The preacher, however, was up to him; and remarking, "a bad promise is better broken than kept," went on with his sermon.

THE POLITICIAN'S SUBSTITUTE.—When Col. F. was a candidate for Congress, in one of the North Western States, he was opposed by a gentleman who had distinguished himself in the war of 1812. Discovering, in the course of the canvass, that his opponent's military reputation was operating strongly to his own prejudice, he concluded to let the people know that he was not unknown to fame as a soldier himself; and accordingly, in his next speech, he expatiated on his achievements in the tented field as follows:—

"My competitor has told you of the services he rendered the country in the last war. Let me tell you that I, too, acted an humble part in that memorable contest. When the tocsin of war summoned the chivalry of the West to rally to the defence of the national honor, I, fellow citizens, animated by that patriotic spirit which glows in every American bosom, hired a substitute for that war, and the bones of that man now lie bleaching on the banks of the Raisin!"

NO WASHINGTON.—A friend of ours tells the following story of himself: When young, he had read the well-known story of George Washington's love of truth, and the father's love of the noble principle of his son, so well manifested on the occasion referred to, of George's cutting down the cherry tree, so acknowledging his transgression, and receiving a full and free pardon, besides praises and kind caresses from his father. So Jim, actuated by so noble an example, thought he would try the experiment on. He supplied himself with a hatchet, and going into his father's orchard, cut down some choice fruit trees. He then coolly sat down to await the old man's coming, and as soon as he made his appearance, marched up to him with a very important air, and acknowledged the deed, expecting the next thing on the programme to be tears, benediction, and embraces from the offended parent. But, sad to relate, instead of this, the old gentleman caught up a hickory and gave him an "all-fired laming." Jim was no Washington.

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF HISTORY.—During the confinement of Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France, by the Jacobins of Paris, she was deprived of the use of the cosmetics with which she was wont to give the raven hue to her naturally silvery locks; and history, in describing her execution, represents her hair as changing from a jet black to a gray color through the mental anguish she experienced.



THE GREAT TOBACCO CONTROVERSY.

CLARA (emphatically).—"I don't care what you say, Frank! I shall always think it a nasty, odious, dirty, filthy, disgusting, and most objectionable habit!"

FRANK (who is just preparing to light a moderately good-sized cigar).—"Haw! Now I'm really surprised, Clara, to hear such a clever girl as you are running down smoking in such strong language—for it's admitted by all sensible people, you know, that it's the abuse of tobacco that's wrong!" [Clara glances at the huge cigar, but says nothing further.]

Agricultural.

A CHAPTER FOR THE SEASON ON PRUNING.

This operation is practiced for various purposes, principally the following: Promoting growth and bulk; lessening bulk; modifying form; promoting the formation of blossom-buds; enlarging fruit; adjusting the stem and branches to the roots; renewal of decayed plants or trees; and the removal or cure of diseases. It proceeds upon the physiological principle that if you remove a portion of the tree, the remaining portion will be favorably affected by it. The particular mode of the operation, and the time, will depend upon the object had in view.

Pruning, to promote the growth of the tree, is the simplest and first object, and is performed by the removal of all the weaker laterals, that the sap destined for their nourishment may be thrown into the stronger ones. The shortening in method proceeds on the same principle, cutting out the weaker twigs and removing from one-fourth to one-third of the former year's growth.

Pruning, for lessening bulk, is chiefly employed by nurserymen, to keep unsold trees of saleable size, and is performed by heading down.

Pruning, for giving form to the tree.—Every tree has a type or form of its own, and every species and variety of species has also its typical structure and form. These natural forms should ever be consulted and kept in the eye of the gardener or cultivator, it being seldom desirable to alter these essentially by pruning, but to modify and promote, as far as possible, the natural symmetry. In such case superfluous branches are to be cut off, and those that would tend to mar the regularity of form, either removed entirely or brought into shape.

In pruning, to form standards, the first thing, upon receiving your trees from the nursery, is, to decide whether you will cultivate with a tall or short stem; and the next, how you would form or modify its head remembering constantly that whatever shape it has a tendency to assume, that shape must not be counteracted by the pruner.

The points of the external branches—especially for standard trees—should everywhere be rendered thin and pervious to the light, so that the internal parts of the tree may not be wholly shaded by the external; the light should readily pervade the top. Large branches should rarely be lopped off, disturbing, as it does, the balance of the flow of sap and causing a wilderness of water-spouts to take their place, thus leaving scars not readily healed, often causing the speedy decay of the tree. When such pruning is found necessary, from previous neglect to prune, the cut—which must be made as smooth as possible—should be covered with composition, such as is used in grafting, to keep out the water. When the pruner has judiciously executed his work, by taking out all weak and crowded branches, and removed a due proportion of the former year's growth, as directed, every part of the tree, internal as well as external, will be productive of fruit.

Pruning, to promote the formation of blossom-buds, depends much on the nature of the tree. The peach, for example, produces its blossom on the preceding year's wood; consequently, in pruning the peach, your object must be to have a regular distribution of the young wood over every part of it. This nature adjusts better than art, and all the pruner can do is to observe in his pruning nature's developments, and act accordingly.

In the present enfeebled condition of the peach, from the attack of the worm, it should be shortened yearly from one-third to one-half of its new wood, in order to give vigor and fruitfulness.

In apples, pears, plums, cherries and quinces, the blossoms are chiefly produced on short spur-buds, or spurs, formed along the sides of the shoots. In these, to promote healthy fruiting, it is necessary to cut out the weaker branches, and often to shorten the extremities of the stronger.

Pruning, for adjusting the stem and branches to the root, is applicable chiefly to transplanted trees, and is an important and essential operation.

A good composition for wounds in pruning is made as follows: Take a quart of alcohol, and dissolve in it as much gum arabic as will make a liquid of the consistency of paint; apply with a common painter's brush.

ration. If the roots have been broken or bruised, the extent of the injury is to be estimated, and in this particular no directions can be given that will be available to the inexperienced.—Consequently such must, for a time, perform this operation under instructions. The problem before the pruner may be thus mathematically stated: As the whole quantity of roots, which the tree had before removal, is to the whole quantity of branches which it now has or had; so is the quantity of roots, which it now has, to the quantity of top which it ought to have. In general, bearing wood and weak shoots should be removed; and the stronger lateral and upright shoots, with leaf or shoot-eyes, left.

Pruning, for the removal of disease, must proceed upon a different principle. Here it may be necessary to remove whole branches, the entire head, single shoots, or merely the diseased spot in the bark or wood. Care should be taken to ascertain the full extent of the injury or disease, and amputation be directed accordingly.

As to root pruning, we have but little to say. Doubtless the pruning-knife could here often be employed to good effect, especially where the roots are diseased; and the laying bare the stem of a tree as low as where the roots project, removing the roots and suckers formed thereon, is a most sanitary measure.

Root-pruning often proves efficacious to early fruiting.

The seasons for pruning trees, are generally winter and midsummer. There is quite a contrariety of view on this subject, some preferring the winter, others the spring, early or late. Mostly those who advocate spring pruning, recommend following the order of vegetation of the different species and varieties. According to this principle, the first pruning of fruit-trees begins in February, with the apricot and peach, afterward, plum and pear, then the cherry, and lastly the apple, the sap of which is later in motion.

We would recommend for all the operations of pruning, as the best period, that immediately before, or commensurate with, the rising of the sap, thereby avoiding the drying of that portion of the wood close to the part cut, as well as the granular matter between the bark and wood, which is necessary to the wound healing speedily.

Summer-pruning consists in pinching the extremities and the rubbing off of buds soon after the leaves are developed, to be continued during the summer, and to a certain extent is guided the same general rules before stated. Summer-pruning is chiefly applicable to fruit-trees, and when wisely conducted, will not extend farther than may be necessary for a proper equilibrium among the branches, thus preventing gourmands and water-shoots from robbing the fruit of due nourishment.

Root-pruning should be performed in autumn or winter. This whole subject is one requiring, in its skillful execution, judgment and experience—and we see, wherever we turn, the effects of injudicious pruning. Ignorant cultivators frequently weaken the energies of young trees, causing them to grow up with lean and slender stems, by injudiciously trimming off the young side-shoots and leaves in the growing season. By taking of these shoots, the stem is deprived of all the leaves which would attract and elaborate the sap, thus preparing nourishment for the growth of the stem; under such circumstances the trunk of the tree will not increase in size half so fast as when the side branches are allowed to remain. Another capital error we see practiced, is when an orchard has been long neglected, to lop away half or two-thirds the top in a single year, thus producing a surplus, and filling the tree with sprouts which, after two or three times removal, leaves you to mourn over a moss-covered and decayed top, fit only for the brush-hoop.

HOG CHOLERA, OR ERYTHROPHEA.—In view of the results of some experiments which have been made in this State on hogs, and in Europe on cattle, we would advise farmers, on the first appearance of the disease, to make use of muriatic acid, arsenic, or the sulphate of iron as a preventive. Of the muriatic acid, a full grown hog should get about fifteen drops, largely diluted with water, daily; or one-twentieth of a grain of arsenic twice a day; or five grains of the sulphate of iron twice a day. These means, with careful and distant separation of the diseased from the healthy animals (an imperative duty) have proved very serviceable in preventing the spread of murrain in cattle and so far as they have been tried, equally efficacious in arresting the epidemic among hogs.—*Louisville Journal.*

THE CUT WORM.—Last year I had a field of corn much injured by their depredations, and tried this experiment. I obtained a number of pieces of the common elder, about a foot long, and distributed them over the field two or three yards apart in every third row. On examining the elder branches every morning, I found numbers of worms collected under them; in some instances as many as fifteen or twenty; when they were easily destroyed. The elder seemed to have the property of attracting them." As this is a simple remedy, and the time is now at hand for planting corn, it is worthy a trial.—*Germanston Telegraph.*

TO CONVERT BONES INTO MANURE.—First break the bones as finely as you can. Then it can be done by covering them six or eight inches thick with unleached ashes, but the process will be a slow one. Take one part sulphuric acid, and add parts water, and mix the bones with it. If it does not form a sort of paste in a few days, add a little more acid. The acid is an excellent manure, and costs about three cents a pound, and is a liquid dangerous to handle, and must be used with care.—*N. E. Farmer.*

BLACKBIRDS, CROWS, &c.—Put a bushel of corn in a basket; pour a pailful of hot water on it—let it drain off, then take your tar paddle out of the tar and wipe off all you can conveniently, and stir the hot corn. Mix a small quantity of plaster—enough to dry the corn—and that is sufficient. Too much tar has often spoiled the seed to my knowledge, and the least possible amount is sufficient. Crows do not like it.

Useful Receipts.

THE HAIR.—It is a great mistake to plait the hair of children under eleven or twelve years of age. The process of plaiting more or less strains the hairs in their roots by pulling them tight; tends to deprive them of their requisite supply of nutriment; and checks their growth. The hair of girls should be cut rather short, and allowed to curl freely. When they are about eleven or twelve, the hair should be twisted into a coil, not too tight, nor tied at the end with thin thread, but with a piece of ribbon.

TO COLOR BLUE ON COTTON.—For 5 pounds of cloth take 2 ounces of copperas; put it in water sufficient to cover the cloth; keep it scalding hot two hours; take out the cloth; turn out the copperas water; rinse the kettle; put 1 ounce of prussiate of potash in soft water; when dissolved, put in the cloth; let it lie two hours; then take out the cloth and add 1 spoonful of oil of vitriol; stir it well; then again put in the cloth; let it lie a few minutes; take it out; rinse thoroughly in cold water.—*Rural New Yorker.*

HOW TO HOLD A SICK PERSON.—Never grasp him, or support any part of the body with the tips of your fingers, but with the whole breadth of your hand laid smoothly on the skin. If you use the finger-ends for holding any weight, they will press and dig into the patient's flesh, causing him great discomfort, particularly if the part be at all inflamed; but if your whole hand, with the fingers a little spread out, divide the weight over its surface, no discomfort, or as little as possible, is produced.—*Barneil.*

TO PREVENT CANDLES GUTTERING.—A scientific correspondent informs us that by using the frustum of a cone of wire gauze perforated metal on the shoulder of a candle, it will keep the candle from flickering and the grease from guttering.

BROKEN WIND OR HEAVES.—I will give my experience for what it may be worth. Some years ago I had a horse which had the heaves very badly. I fed him cut straw and meal wet. I put with his feed a lump of mutton tallow the size of a hen's egg, to each meal, until I fed about 15 pounds. I know him three or four years after the cure, but heard of no more heaves from him.—*Country Gentleman.*

LICE ON CALVES.—There are many remedies for vermin on calves, such as tobacco, snuff, old grease, and the like. They may like to chew as well as some others, or sneeze and have a little grease to make it go off easy. I have more confidence in a little sulphur occasionally in their mess. But the one I am going to give you is neither of these. A number of years ago I had a yearling that grew poor, and I could not help it. Its breathing became so loud that it could be heard several rods. I thought it would die. One of my neighbors told me he had heard that sour butter-milk was good. I procured some, and washed it from head to foot, and in three days his breathing was very regular, and he was as smart as need be. I had no more trouble with him.—*Rural New Yorker.*

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE HOMERIC AGE.—Taking the general evidence of the poems, it stands thus, says Mr. Gladstone in his "Studies of Homer": Of agricultural operations, we find women sharing only in the lighter labors of the vintage; or, perhaps acting as shepherdesses. The men plough, sow, reap, tend cattle and live stock generally; they hunt and they fish; and they carry to the farm the manure that is accumulated about the house. Within doors the women seem to have the whole duty in their hands, except the preparation of firewood and of animal food. The men kill, cut up, dress and carve the animals that are to be eaten. The women, on the other hand, spin, weave, wash the clothes, clean the house, grind the corn, bake the bread and serve it, with all the vegetable or mixed food, or what may be called made dishes. They also prepare the table, and hand the ewer with the basin for washing. And a portion of them act as immediate attendants to the mistress of the palace, Andromache, Penelope or Helen. Thus far all is easy and becoming; but an apparent difficulty confronts us when we find that it was the usage for women to undertake certain duties connected with the bathing of men. Sometimes this was done by servants; thus it was managed for Telemachus and Pisistratus in the palace of Menelaus, and for Ulysses in that of the Phœnician King. On the other hand, it was sometimes an office of hospitality rendered by women, and given by young damsels, of the highest rank, to distinguished strangers of their own age or otherwise. Polyestus, the young and fair daughter of Nestor, (the text is commonly interpreted), bathed and anointed Telemachus, and put on him a cloak and vest.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 12, 2, 3, 27, 25, was one of the harpies.

My 28, 5, 30, 2, 27, 30, was the god of music.

My 5, 33, 32, was the god of shepherds.

My 14, 16, 15, was the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione.

My 1, 12, 34, 35, 36, 16, was the youngest of the Titans.

My 16, 7, 5, 13, 35, 32, 37, was the ruler of the sea.

My 3, 9, 19, 20, 21, is a river in the infernal regions.

My 5, 6, 30, 25, 30, 10, 5, 17, 32, 7, was the queen of Plato.

My 23, 24, 14, 18, was the goddess of the rainbow.

My 31, 7, 29, signifies scarce.

My 4, 23, 22, 20, 20, is an ordinal adjective.

My whole is a common adage.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 36 letters.

My 1, 16, 9, 4, is a bird that sings sweetly.

My 1, 16, 7, 35, 11, 6, 18, 18, 34, was a celebrated French general.

My 1, 20, 3, 21, is a wild animal.

My 18, 9, 3, 31, 18, is a fish.

My 2, 21, 20, 3, 21, is a river in Vermont.

My 21, 20, 14, 15, is a river in Egypt.

My 5, 3, 32, 18, 26, 21, is a city in the United States.

My 32, 21, 16, 20, 14, is always found at home.

My 33, 20, 21, 6, is the name of a tree.

My 9, 16, 20, 21, is what we have in summer.

My 21, 3, 9, 18, 19, 16, 12, 1, 15, is what some people are trying to find, but in vain.

If my whole was practiced more it would save a great deal of trouble.

L. D. Vermont.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the wailing sound
Of wintry blasts we hear,
And the rivers are bound
With crystals clear,
With some pleasure 'tis thought to be
To ride o'er my first the country to see.

Though the ocean is deep
With its billowy waves,
Where many do sleep
In their watery graves,
Yet all waters are generally reckoned
To be composed of those like my second.

In the warm and sunny days
Of sweet and balmy Spring,
When birds warble songs of praise,
And the bee is on the wing,
'Tis then my whole is very often seen,
Peeping out from its bed of green.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Once upon a winter evening, just about the hour of seven,
As I stood upon the door-step, where I'd often stood before—
Suddenly I heard a crying, and the people 'round were flying,
As if every one were trying—trying who should do the more.

To prevent my first's increasing, with its devastating roar;
May it happen nevermore.

As I stood intently gazing on the pile before me blazing,
Then I heard a sound uprising I had heard in days of yore;
'Tis my second's iron hammer that awakes this awful clamor."

Thus I spoke as I grew calmer—calmer, cooler than before.
Add my first unto my second, if you would my whole explore;
Only this, and nothing more.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first I will call a low buzzing sound,
My second to old beds oft creeps in;
And daped by my whole it often is found
That very many have been.

Providence, R. I. SYUGGIE.

ANAGRAMS

On the Names of Cities.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY G. AND R. PRMBERTON.

Bell me.	Saul poe.
Hang alley.	Wren baloom.
Dear Glen.	Lambroft.
Lift mercy oil.	Cole hag.
Tomato Orena.	Last vouge.
Den mac.	Pt ait grab.
Rachel ston.	Canal cert.

MENTAL ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Little Samuel, being a very smart lad, his three uncles, Adam, Benjamin, and Casper, proposed one day a reward to him, providing he could solve the same mentally: Adam would give him 6 cents; Benjamin would give him as much as Adam, and half as much as Casper, and 6 cents more; and Casper would give him as much as Adam and Benjamin both, and 6 cents more. What did each of the uncles propose to give, and how much did Samuel receive after he had solved the question?

DANIEL DIEFFENBACH.
Croftersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

"Why is the letter J like a ring?" asked a young lady of her lover, who was as dull as the generality of his sex in such a situation. Ans.—"Because," added the damsel, with a modest look, "because we can't be used without it."

"With what musical instrument would you catch a fish?" Ans.—"Castnet."

"Which are the laziest fish in the sea?" Ans.—"Oysters, because they are always found lying in beds."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—The First Continental Congress. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—To love our parents, succor each other, and to defend our country. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Old-fashioned honest farmers. CHARADE.—Morning-glory. CHARADE.—Roseate (Rose-ate). CHARADE.—Scorn. ANAGRAMS.—Rabun, Stewart, Tama, Scors, Utah, Toss, Dams. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—Radius of smaller circle 13,223222; radius of larger circle, 19,834834.